

THE **Elks** MAGAZINE



FEBRUARY 1941



DEFENSE COMMISSION PLANS WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

UNDER the auspices of the subordinate lodge Defense Committees, a party is being planned for the entertainment of the school children in every lodge jurisdiction.

Suggested programs have been sent out from the Elks National Defense Commission which, it is hoped, will meet with local conditions in each community. In some lodges a luncheon is being arranged, followed by a patriotic party for the children. Local dramatic clubs, with the help of the children themselves, are putting on appropriate tableaux with a brief address on George Washington and Americanism, the program to be closed by a mass Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag.

In other lodges, a mass meeting is being held in the lodge room or in the local auditorium with the cooperation of the Superintendent of Schools. This plan consists of each school selecting five or ten students from each class from the seventh grade up, the number selected depending upon the number that can be accommodated and the children chosen on the basis of scholastic merit and deportment.

A third plan consists of using the local motion picture theatre on Washington's Birthday morning which, in the present instance, lends itself to this idea because of the fact that the twenty-second of February comes on Saturday. In many cities and towns the theatre owners are glad to cooperate with the lodges in running appropriate pictures in conjunction with a patriotic musical program furnished by high school bands and choral societies.

The Elks National Defense Commission will be glad to receive suggestions in regard to the Washington's Birthday Party in order that it may, in turn, forward these suggestions to the officers of subordinate lodges. It is hoped that every lodge will put on one of these parties as a part of the Elks National Defense and Americanism Program.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

**Elks National
Defense Commission**

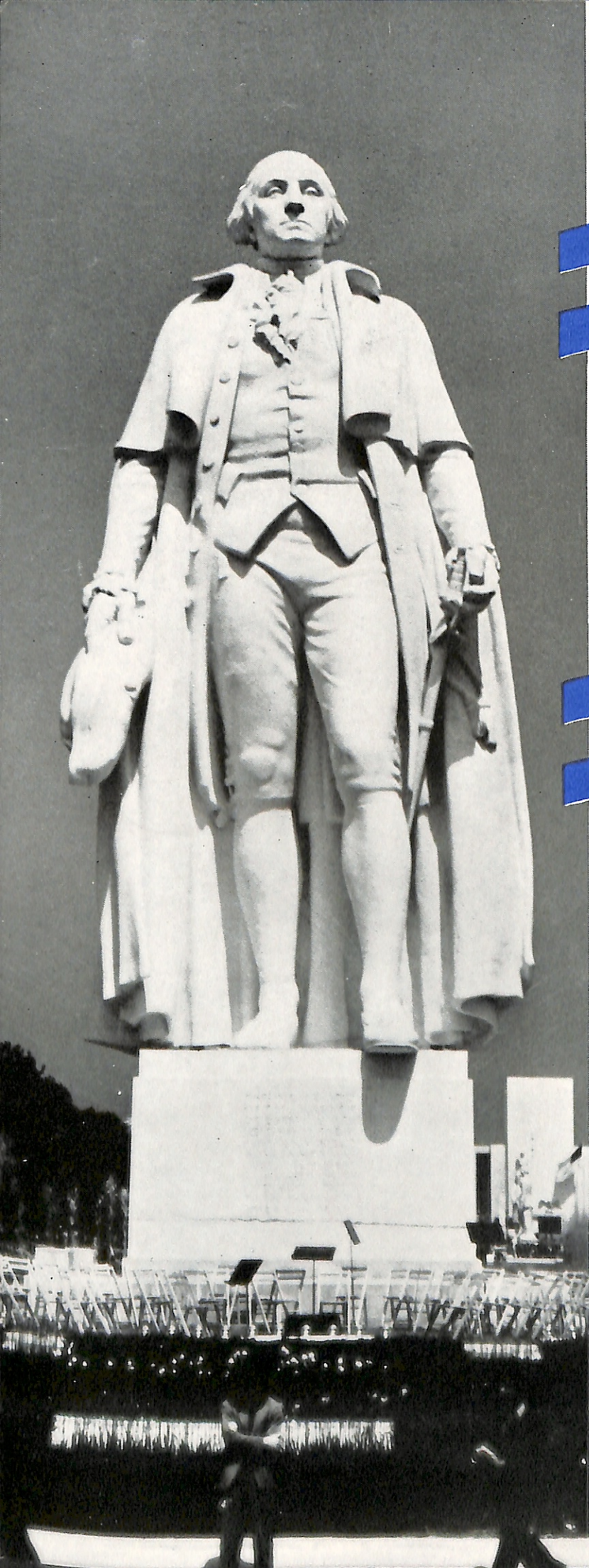




Photo by Mac C. Gramlich

A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

MY BROTHERS:

We are now on the threshold of days that are most important to each and every member of our Order. Days of vital significance to the future of our country, like those dark days that preceded the historic deeds of our forefathers in each crisis of our land. America needs Elksdom as never before and we will not fail. At every opportunity for service the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has been in the forefront in community life and our Order is now conducting programs under the direction of the Elks National Defense Commission that will awaken our fellow men to the value of our citizenship.

Inculcating a love for America in the heart of everyone is one of the main objectives of our campaign and in order that each one of us may know more about our country, I have designated the week commencing Sunday, February 16th, as Americanism Week, ending with a school demonstration on Washington's Birthday, details of which will be sent to you, and I call on every lodge to arrange a program for that week, which will be truly symbolic of this great land of ours. I urge, too, that you see that your neighbors participate in the exercises so that they may become more familiar with the heritage won for us by the blood and sacrifices of our heroic forefathers. It is also necessary, at this time, that we stress the importance of our American rights and institutions and become imbued with a determination to aid our Government in every way possible so that our land may be kept safe for all those sacred privileges that Democracy holds dear.

Inspiration for the meeting can be taken from the lives of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, those two great Americans, whose anniversaries we celebrate in February. Washington, the Father of our Country and first in the hearts of his people, and Lincoln, the Emancipator. Surely these two illustrious names should provide the incentive for Americanism

meetings which should be community-wide in their aspect and far-reaching in their effect.

At this time I want to congratulate the officers of the lodges throughout the country for their cooperation in making so successful the General John J. Pershing Class, which set a record for the number of new members inducted into the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. A class in honor of your Grand Exalted Ruler is to be held in March and I trust that every lodge will do its part in adding to our rolls real Americans, who have a love of their country at heart and a desire to help their communities.

I wish to call attention to one more matter and that is the Grand Lodge Convention, which is to be held in Philadelphia next July. It is not too early to begin planning now to have representation there, for it is anticipated that this year's meeting will be one of the best and largest attended in recent years and the committee desires that each and every lodge throughout the country have at least one or more representatives present.

Our course has been charted, our objectives are in view, the commanders are ready. Let each Exalted Ruler be the captain through whose leadership inspired activities of the membership may be conducted that the prestige may be enhanced and we may again prove to America during the next few months that as our country today needs a real American organization like the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks we, as always, are ready.

Joe Buech
GRAND EXALTED RULER

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THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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THIS MONTH

We Present—



HERE is what Philip Clark has to say for himself: "I was born in New Brunswick, N. J., in 1907 and fell an early victim to an hereditary weakness for

writing, and was sent to Syria in 1927 to write an article on the Arab rebellion against the French Mandate. On arrival found very little left to write about, the rebellion having been effectively and bloodily smashed by the French Army and General Gamelin.

"In 1929 I went to France for a year, most of which was spent in Paris taking a short general course at the Sorbonne. Acquired a deep liking for music, Gothic architecture and the land and people of France. And a deep dislike for the Americans of the Cafe du Dome. Finished my European episode with a walking trip through the Pyrenees, and (not walking) down across Spain. Think there are no finer people in the world than the Spaniards, and I still hope to see them win through to real freedom.

"Spent three years in New York, writing detective fiction for the pulp magazines, and then set out to see a little more of America. Dropped in at Charleston, S. C., to say hello to a friend, and just never got away again. Married a Georgia girl—and advertising copy-writer. Think that the South is a fine and stimulating place to live, and one that is changing faster than people realize."

Mr. Clark's story, "Hostile Ground", is one you're sure to enjoy.

Mildred Masters has done an article on the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., which all Elks should read. If you aren't personally familiar with the Home, this article will give you some idea of its purpose and the excellence with which it is conducted.

James Monahan, author of "Little Honorable Plant", tells a brand new story to most of us—the story of the soy bean, which itself is centuries old. Mr. Monahan is one of those rare things: a native New Yorker. He has been connected either through publicity or editorially with everything from the *Encyclopedia Britannica* to the *New York Woman*.

Don't miss the two inside cover announcements. The report of the Elks National Defense Commission is on the front one, and on the back is Philadelphia's first call for attendance at the next Convention. And don't miss all the rest of our usual excellent contributors, Stanley Frank, Ed Faust, Ray Trullinger, Harry Hansen and Kiley Taylor.

J. B. S.

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Hostile GROUND

By Philip Clark

THE pines at the edge of the cotton field made caverns of shade, but James Chaney turned his reluctant horse away from the comfort of the pines and rode slowly behind the long, uneven row of black men and women whose busy fingers were stripping the ripened bolls. Two years had taught Chaney what every Sea Island white man knew from birth: that the Negroes worked sturdily for a man who stayed with them, but saved their sweat for a boss who lingered in the shade.

Halfway across the field, Chaney reined his sorrel to a halt a dozen yards behind the workers and sat watching, his eyes narrowed against the blinding glare of the Carolina mid-day sun, his tanned, strongly lined face settled into a troubled frown.

The work was going badly. The field that by now should have been three-quarters stripped, still stretched more than half its wide expanse before the ragged, crawling line of pickers. And the plants that touched his horse's belly on either side showed a dozen white-tipped bolls that the pickers had missed entirely.

Half the crop left for the gleaners. A half that, if the weather broke, might never be picked at all.

And the Negroes were not singing. It was a bad sign. Chaney shifted uneasily in the saddle, taking the stirrup weight off his left foot. The four-year-old wound in his instep still ached when he stayed too long in the saddle, or walked more than a mile or two afoot. A bone chip, perhaps, that the frantic Union surgeons at Cold Harbor had overlooked. But there were other things to worry about now. Chaney leaned forward in the saddle, and called.

"Joe! Come over here!"

In the line before him, a squat, broad-shouldered Negro straightened up and turned away from his sack. Joe Bulver was Chaney's foreman, hard-working and intelligent. He came slowly between the cotton

plants, and Chaney watched him closely, trying to read the thoughts behind the black, sweat-streaked face. Before this, Joe had been willing and helpful, sharing a knowledge of the cotton, the land and the people that Chaney as a Northerner, a stranger in a conquered and hostile land, would have been hard put to learn from any other source. But now a change had come over the black man. His face was closed, almost sullen, as he stopped at the sorrel's shoulder and stood looking up. But his voice was respectful. Respectful and very cautious. He said, "You want something, Mistuh Chaney?"

Chaney nodded briefly toward the straggling line.

"Mose and Caesar aren't working this morning. Have they quit?"

Joe spoke to Chaney, but his eyes were on the sorrel's flanks.

"No, suh. Dey ain't quit. Dey sick."

Patiently, because patience was the only way at such a time, Chaney said, "There's been almost a dozen sick since Saturday. We'll never get the cotton in if it goes on like this."

Joe's eyes stayed down. He was still holding the cotton boll that he had been stripping as Chaney called, and his strong black fingers mechanically separated the fluffy mass, stringing out the strong, long-staple fibres as Chaney watched. Sea Island cotton. The world's best crop. Quietly, speaking as much to the cotton as the man, Chaney said, "We've got to get the crop in, Joe. What's wrong?" But the Negro's eyes were stubbornly lowered. He said, "Ain't nothin' wrong, Mistah Chaney. Dey's jus' a lot of sickness about."

"Yes," Chaney said. "But the people always used to come to Miss Buford when they were sick. They went to the Big House. Not off to the bush to hide."

Joe said nothing, but his fingers had stopped playing with the boll. Chaney said, "None of the sick peo-





He stopped halfway up the steps, looking up at her. "What is it? Aunt Jessie said you needed me."

ple have been to see Miss Bufort. Not any of them."

Joe Bulver looked up at him. For a fleeting instant, his face had the old, willing look. Then the mask fell again. The black, ageless mask of servitude and fear. Joe spoke again to the sorrel's flank.

"Dis here's a sickness Miss Em'ly cain't help."

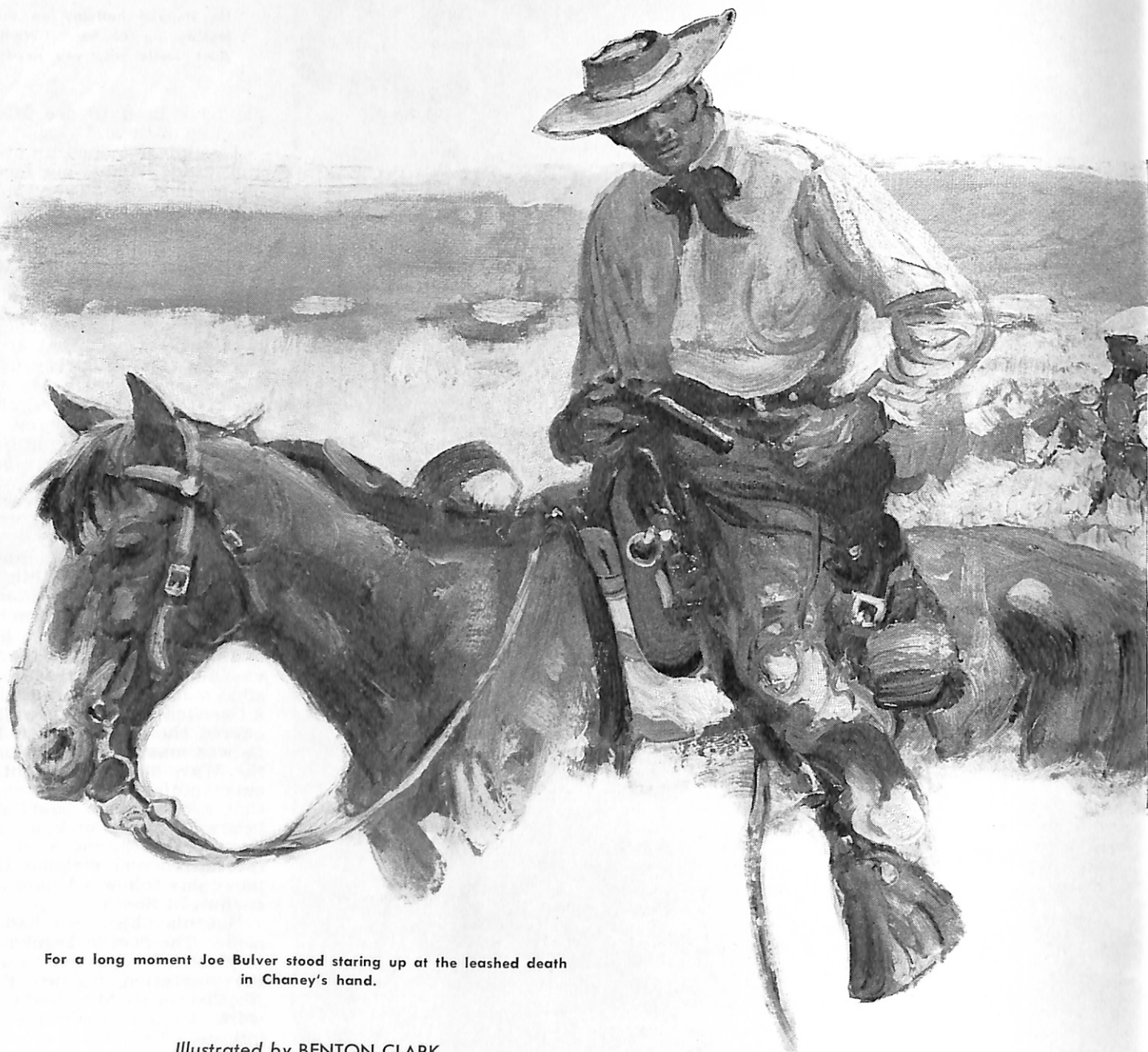
For a moment, Chaney said nothing. He knew better than to try to beat directly past that stubborn resistance born of dark generations of slavery and distrust. He was watching the line of pickers, the men in sweat-stained blue jeans, the deep-breasted black women in their bright cotton prints. They were making the work motions, but there was very little work. They were covertly watching him. Waiting for something he didn't understand.

From the very beginning of this job, there had been things Chaney had not understood. For example, the reasoning of the firm of London bankers which had hired him, whose quaint British notion it was that an ex-Yankee officer was the best possible man to guard their interest in a Carolina estate. When Chaney was offered the job, a few months after he was mustered out at the close of the War, he had thought it was a crazy notion, and said so. He said that a Southerner could do the job better, because such a man would know the work, and would be free of the hatred and distrust that would inevitably follow a Union man in the conquered South.

But his objections had been put aside. The firm in London preferred to place a Northerner as overseer of the plantation, because they felt a Northerner could be better trusted to work disinterestedly for the firm's interest. The firm had a great deal of money tied up in the plantation, and under the terms of their agreement with the late owner, they were empowered to administer plantation affairs until the debt was cleared. The Board in London was determined to have a Northerner. Captain Chaney's name had been suggested to them. If Captain Chaney was not interested...

He had taken the job, with a sardonic feeling that nothing could be crazier than the four years just past, and come South to see what he would find. He had found a great liking for the work, and for the strong, simple, black people who carried it on. And for the country itself—for the low,

Chaney went South after bitter years of fighting its people and found that he still had to fight—if he wanted to live.



For a long moment Joe Bulver stood staring up at the leashed death
in Chaney's hand.

Illustrated by BENTON CLARK

rich-soiled islands and the sea-filled marshes that hemmed them in. He had also found the hatred and distrust he prophesied. With one exception, no white man or woman of the neighborhood had spoken to him since he came. The one exception was Emily Bufort, the mistress of the plantation, the girl whose dead father had laid by the debt that placed Chaney where he was.

Thinking of her, the lines of trouble about Chaney's grey-blue eyes deepened and hardened. He was hardly worried for the faceless, bodiless Board of Directors off there in the London fog. While he worked for them, he would work well and honestly, because he was made that way. But he had a deeper need for seeing the crop well made. A debt that he owed for kindness, for sympathy and for help.

Chaney stirred abruptly in the saddle. To the black man who waited stolidly at his horse's shoulder, he

said, "You carry the work, Joe. I'll be gone for a little. And see if you can't make them sing."

He swung the sorrel about, and Joe Bulver turned quickly on his heel and went back to the line. Too quickly, Chaney thought. Glad to be released. To be shut of the white man for a little. It hadn't been like that before. Something was happening. Something he could not understand.

Chaney walked his horse carefully between the rows. Behind him, Joe Bulver's deep voice lined out a song. A swinging, plaintive chant. "*I guh meet my Jesus some day soon . . .*"

A few other voices picked it up. But only a few—and there was no lift in them. They were singing for the boss-man, not for themselves. Not for the cotton.

At the edge of the field, Chaney put the sorrel to an easy canter. He turned a little in his saddles and looked back. The singing had stopped already. The work was still going

on. As long as he was in sight, it would go on. But when he was gone—

Chaney shrugged a little and put his heels to the sorrel's flanks. The words Joe Bulver had spoken went through his mind again. "A sickness Miss Em'ly cain't help." But Chaney knew that she would try.

Ahead of him, the white pillars of the plantation house showed through the moss-hung branches of the oaks. The great house gone grey and shabby now with poverty and neglect, but still stately and beautiful. Chaney could never ride up like this, to the tall-columned porch and the broad, outflaring steps, without remembering the first time he had come. It was a memory that moved him profoundly. He had expected bitterness and hostility. He had found courtesy and sympathy and help. As he expected to find it now. As he would like always—

He turned from that thought abruptly, as one shuts the door on a



forbidden room. He was in the driveway, and he swung easily down from the sorrel's back, knotting the reins in the iron ring of the hitching post and going quickly up the steps. In the cool shade of the verandah he knocked and waited, and after a little the round, black figure of old Aunt Jessie appeared at the door. Chaney said, "If I could see Miss Bufort—"

Aunt Jessie stood aside. "You wait in de draw'n-room, suh. I'll go see."

Chaney went into the cool dusk. The blinds were drawn against the heat, and there was a faint musty odor in the room, pleasant in Chaney's nostrils, but achingly nostalgic. On the hall stairs, Aunt Jessie's heavy tread creaked upward into silence.

Chaney stood quietly by the center table, seeing the room again, and thinking. The whole story was in the room. Over the mantel, the portrait of Garvin Bufort, who had died in

the first year of the War, leaving his daughter Emily a great name, a great plantation, and a still greater debt. A fair and honest debt, as Garvin Bufort's signature attested, as the English bankers pointed out when they named James Chaney to see that it was punctiliously paid off. As debts must always be paid.

Chaney drew a long, slow breath, and rested his hand on the curving back of the antique sofa at his side. His hand had been there before, and knew what it would find. The frayed fabric of the upholstery, the rich Manchester brocade that was woven from the long-staple Bufort cotton itself. Woven into rich beauty and lasting debt. Worn threadbare now, and not to be replaced.

Because there was never anything left over. The interest was to be paid, and the principal was to be retired according to strict and unalterable terms Garvin Bufort had made with his creditors before he died.

Chaney turned and walked restlessly back and forth across the room. When he came back to the center table he stopped, hands clasped behind him, and stood staring at a faded photograph in a grey frame. A boy in a grey uniform with a colonel's stars on his shoulders. Chaney knew the boy's name. He was Gail Storen. Colonel Gail Storen of the 7th Carolina. Emily Bufort's fiancé who had been killed on the Rappahannock in the third year of the War.

There was a step in the doorway, and Chaney turned quickly. Emily Bufort came into the room. She was a tall girl, almost as tall as Chaney himself, grey-eyed and beautiful with a warm, strong beauty that tightened the muscles in Chaney's throat almost to agony. But he made himself smile with grave politeness, and said, "I'm sorry to annoy you again, Miss Bufort. But I need your help."

She said, "Of course. Anything I can do. Won't you sit down?"

Chaney shook his head. "I'll have to get back, as soon as I've got your advice. There's trouble with the hands. Something I don't understand."

"I see."

Emily Bufort had stopped by the sofa, one hand resting on the curving back. Chaney could see that her fingers, like his a moment before, were caressing the worn brocade covering, trying unconsciously to smooth the frayed fabric into place. But her eyes were intent on Chaney's face, and she was waiting for him to finish. He said, "A dozen of the best pickers have quit since Saturday. Joe Bulver says they're sick. But I know they're not, or they'd have come to you. And the ones that are staying aren't really working. They're afraid of something. If we don't find out what it is, we'll never make the crop."

He paused, and there was a moment of silence. Emily Bufort's eyes were friendly as they had always been, but there was a shadow behind the friendliness, something he couldn't read. And Chaney knew suddenly that the intangible something that weighed down and smothered him in the cotton field was also with him in the room. Emily Bufort looked at him and, speaking slowly, said, "I think I know what the trouble is."

Chaney waited. The girl looked down at her hand, at the frayed stuff beneath her fingers. She lifted her eyes to Chaney's again, and said quietly, "You've been very, very kind to us here. I want you always to know that I appreciate how generous and considerate you've been." "It's been a privilege to work here," Chaney said.

The girl's eyes were still on his, and the shadow behind the friendliness was deeper. She said, "But now I think you should go away."

The room was very quiet. Behind Chaney, the wind moved tendrils of vine against the shutters with a faint, whispering sound. Chaney thought, this is the moment that had

(Continued on page 40)

IT WAS Wally started it. He works right beside me in the shipping room, and we sort of jam around together. Comes time for our vacation, and he says, where shall we go? I thought he was kidding. I said the lake, of course. Where else?

Wally said, "You and the lake! We been going to that dam' lake every vacation for eight years. Personally, I'm sick of it."

I said, "Maybe it's just a lake to you, but I'm thinking about Muriel."

Wally looked at me like he always does when women creep into the conversation. He said, "You don't mean that red-headed bit that works in the drug store? You don't mean you was serious?"

I said, "Who said anything about being serious?"

Wally said, "You been writing to her?"

I said, "Off and on."

Wally said, "Well, it's off now. Because I just hear she's married."

We was sitting on a couple of packing cases eating lunch, and all of a sudden I didn't want any lunch. There was still a mouthful of salami sandwich that had to go somewhere, but it was an effort. Because while this Muriel was really nothing to me, neither did I want Wally to think she might of been. I said, "Who'd she marry?"

Wally said, "That motorcycle cop that used to be a Marine." He said, "Pull yourself together, Ed. There's other girls in the world. Also there's other places than Lake Matookla."

I said, "Name three."

And that's when he flashed this folder on me. A hotel folder, claiming like it was a matter for pride that it's in Brattleburg, the Heart of the Smokies. I said what was Smokies, and Wally said, "Mountains, you dope. Big mountains down in Tennessee."

I said, sort of light and bitter, like there never had been anyone named Muriel, "I've heard about those mountain girls. They say if a guy even wears shoes, let alone a collar and tie—"

Wally said, "For gosh sake! This place is a U.S. National Park, and they protect the wild life. And anyway," he said, "just for once do me a favor and get your mind on something else. I should think this Muriel would of been a lesson."

"On that subject," I said, "I don't need no lessons from her, you or anybody."

But maybe I was wrong about that.

ANYWAY, that's how we come to be in the Mountainside Hotel, in Brattleburg, the Heart of the Smokies. One look at the place, and I knew I should of known better than listen to Wally. I know what I like for a vacation. What I like is the lake, with the cottages all full, and speedboats and a dance every night, and maybe once in a while a canoe with a girl in it. This Brattleburg was nothing like. One street. Three or four hotels and a sawed-off bowling alley and a

This is the strange story of how Mr. Bozack got mixed up with a mountain, and a bear and more women than he could handle.



THE Red-Tailed BOZACK

By John Large

movie that showed Westerns every third Thursday. I took one good look and beat it back to the hotel porch where Wally was sitting waiting for it to be supper. I said to him, "Now look what you've done. For two weeks, paid in advance! I bet they have more fun in a monastery."

Wally said, "The trouble with you is, you got no feeling for nature. There's plenty to do here."

I said, "Such as what, besides biting our fingernails?"

"Mountains," Wally said. "Climbing mountains. This National Park has all kinds of mountains."



I smacked into her and we both went tumbling. I think maybe the bear was mixed up in it somewhere.

I said, "You mean walk up them?" "Sure," Wally said. "How else?"

I said, "Maybe on your feet. But my strength all went to my arms when I was a baby."

Wally said, "It's a bet it didn't get above your collar-bone."

Well, we was saved from any more of that by supper. We went into the dining room, and I took a quick look around at the assorted items of obsolete humanity there, and this desperate feeling got more desperate. I knew what I needed, all right. I needed something to take my mind off Muriel. It looked like I was going to go on needing it. I couldn't figure what had happened to the female young in those parts, unless maybe they'd all escaped with the advent of the bicycle. I mentioned as much to Wally. He told me to shut up. He said, "If you'd just keep your trap down, maybe we'd get to know some one. It wouldn't hurt you none to meet some nice people."

I said, "Sure. And maybe if we're real nice, they'll remember us in their wills. From what I see, it won't

be long." I kinda sneered around the room.

And just then I saw this girl sitting over in the corner. She was all alone, and that was only one of several things in her favor. She had honey-colored hair, and a shape that was no ways muffled by the sweater she was wearing. I'd seen plenty of girls like that in the ads, leaning up against the fender of the Super Eight model, but this was the first I'd ever seen in the flesh. She was nice. She was wonderful. Just one look at her, and I got that old vacuum-packed feeling right under the wish-bone. It was just like Muriel had never been.

Wally said, "What's the matter? You choke on something?"

I said, "Sort of. But I can handle it."

JUST then she looked up and caught me staring at her. It was no time to flinch. I dug in behind that look and waited. She just give me a cool little glance and went back to her country ham and mashed potatoes. I took a long breath and said to Wally,

"Maybe I spoke too quick. I could learn to like this place."

Wally'd seen her too. He said, "For gosh sake, don't you ever learn? And anyway you're out-classed. You couldn't even carry the water-bucket in her league."

That made me mad. I said, "You mean I ain't good enough?"

Wally said, "Sure I mean you ain't good enough. Not even with your neck washed."

I said, "That's all you know. They all talk one language, and it ain't Esperanto."

I kept looking at her, and the more I looked, the better I liked it. But she wouldn't look back. And half way through supper I was shut off. Another girl come in, and sat down at a table that was right in my line of fire. This one was small and dark and sort of nice, too. But I was all signed up on another circuit. The little dark one looked my way just as she sat down, and got the full charge of what I was sending the honey-colored number. And of course the little dope thought it was meant for her.

Her eyes sort of wavered, and she blushed. Wally seen it happen, and he said, "That's more your speed."

I said, "Maybe I'm geared higher than you know about." I said, "I wish we was at the lake, and I had the canoe handy."

Wally said, "Canoe! You couldn't get closer to that one than the far end of a battleship."

But I ignored him. Pretty soon the girl with the honey-colored hair finished her supper and went out. I restrained myself, not wanting to rush things. I waited at least a minute before I got up and beat it out after her. Only first I stopped at the desk and asked the clerk a question. He didn't seem too overjoyed, but he told me who she was. The name was Chisholm.

She was sitting out on the porch, looking at the mountains and the stars and all. I just stood in the door for a minute, and then I drifted over to the railing and looked too. Not saying anything. Just building it up. The old you-me feeling. Then I said, sort of quiet and intimate, "Nice, ain't it?"

She said, "Yes, isn't it?"

Well, the words was all right, but the tone was a second hand echo off an iceberg. I said, "You like it up here?"

She said, "It's been very pleasant—up till now."

That really did slow me up a little. I said, sort of underlining it, "One thing about the mountains—the nights are cool."

"Now that you mention it," she said, "I think I'd better get a wrap."

Just like that. And then gone. I stood there grinding my teeth at the scenery. But I still had this feeling under the wish-bone. Worse, even. Then someone else come out on the porch, and it was the little dark-haired bolt of muslin. She stood there looking at all the lousy mountains, and then she said to me, like she couldn't quite believe she was doing it, "Isn't it lovely?"

I guess she meant well, but her timing was terrible. I just said, "Huh," or something like that, and left her with it.

Wally was in the lobby looking for me. I thought I was going to have to slap a few wisecracks back down his throat, but he was otherwise excited. He says look he's just found out about this swell trip tomorrow. He says it's conducted by one Mr. Hovey, the Park Naturalist. Ten miles up Mt. LaChaine and we sleep in a lodge at the top so as to see sunrise over the mountains.

But I was in no mood. I said, "The hell with it. I seen all the sunrises I want over the back of the milkman's horse. And where does this naturalist come in?"

Wally said, "To show the way, I guess. And maybe explain things. You know. The facts of nature."

I said, "The hell with that too. I learned all that bees and flowers stuff years ago, in Hogan's Alley. And what did it get me?"

But right then I stopped. Because

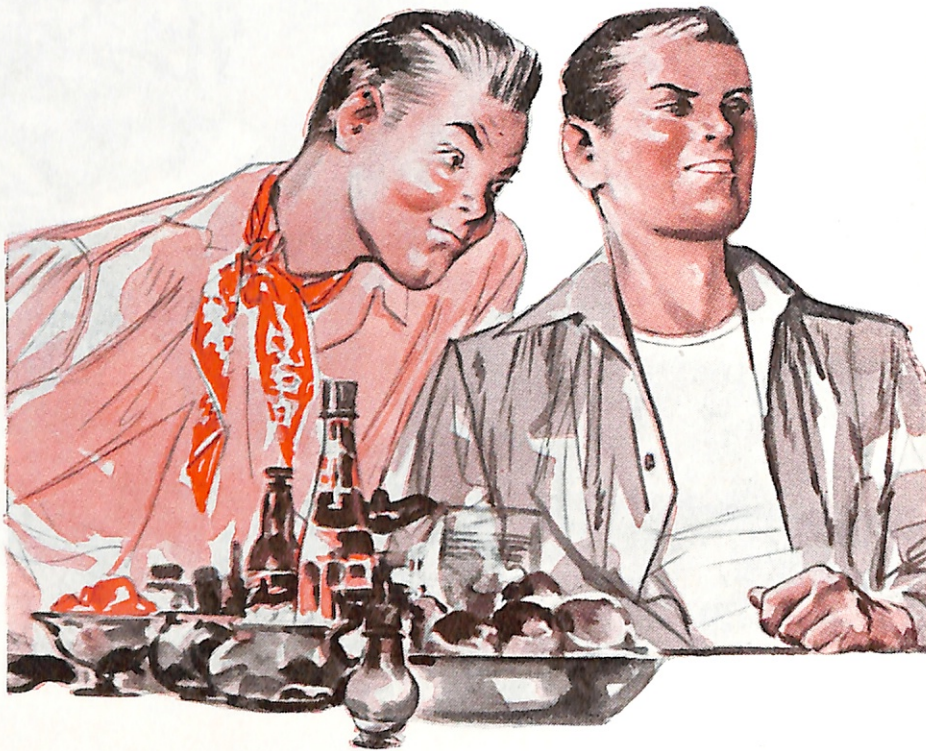
I saw Miss Chisholm over at the desk talking to the clerk. She was saying, "... not tomorrow. I'm taking the trip up Mt. LaChaine with Mr. Hovey..."

I said to Wally, "Maybe I could use some facts of nature after all."

SO we got up the next morning at an hour I wouldn't insult myself by remembering. All through breakfast, I kept thinking maybe this Miss Chisholm would show up, and we could offer her a ride and maybe get things warmed up a little. But she

comers, so we got out of the car and sat down to smoke a cigaret and look at the mountains. They were O.K., but somehow a lot more definite than when seen from the hotel porch. Up above it was all mist and fog, and it was cold, and my feet hurt just looking at that trail up the mountain, and I thought ain't love wonderful.

In a few minutes this green car come bouncing up the road. It looked sort of official, and the guy that was driving it looked sort of official too. A tall thin guy, not bad looking, with



didn't. I begun to think maybe I'd been double-crossed, and that was a pretty soggy idea to pour on the pancakes.

The hotel had lunches put up for us in a couple of knapsacks, and we took them and groped our way out to the car, and drove out of town and up this road Wally had been told about, to where the safari was going to start. I call it a road, but that's just a way of speaking. I mean it could of been wider, and maybe not quite so close to the edge. I kept thinking about Miss Chisholm, and wondering if she'd ever guess it was her I'd died for. But we made it all right, in spite of Wally was driving, and kept experimenting how the car would do with two wheels just off somewhere waving at the scenery.

We come to where the road ended at a little broken down cabin, and from there on it was just a sort of path sneaking up the mountain. Also steep. We seemed to be the first

a sort of green boy ranger uniform, and you could see at a glance that he was kind to little baby birds and old widow women. But looking back, maybe I was prejudiced, because sitting right beside him was Miss Chisholm. Very much beside him. And if his clothes was green, they was nothing to my feelings.

He outs from the car and turns to help out the rest of the party, which was all women. Besides Miss Chisholm there was the little dark-haired bit from our hotel. She gave me a nice warm smile, but I sort of cooled back at her. Because I figured three was a crowd, even on the most out-sized mountain.

Also there was an old lady with white hair and a nice schoolteacherish face, and a walking stick. I got to admit I viewed her with real enthusiasm. Because I figured with such an elderly party in tow, at least we wouldn't go rushing at this mountain in any foolhardy manner.

Wally bounced up all buttered with his best manners, and said who we were, and the green-covered guy admitted to being Mr. Hovey, the Park Naturalist, and he introduced us to the rest. If Miss Chisholm was glad to see me again, she sure knew how to cover her feelings. The little dark-haired one was named Smith, and I filed that away under useless information. The elderly party was a Miss Catlin. This last beamed all over us, and said she was so *glad* to know us, and weren't we going to have a *wonderful* time?

I said you bet, and just to break the news gently to her, I sort of glanced up to where what I took to be the top of the mountain was just breaking out of the mist, and I said it sure did look like a stiff little stroll

fiable gadgets. I said Ed boy this means you, and bounded to her aid. But Hovey bounded first.

He fixed the straps for her, and said sort of anxiously, "This may feel a little tight, but it'll really ride better that way."

And she said, "Thanks. That's wonderful," like no one else in the world could fix a strap like that. It made me sick.

So we made another start, and right off I had another reason for not loving this Hovey. Because there was certainly nothing the matter with his walking apparatus. He just ambled off up the trail, and his pack, which was four times as big as any one else's, didn't even make him stoop over.

Right away we were in the woods,

Illustrated by EARL BLOSSOM

I took a long breath and said to Wally, "Maybe I spoke too quick. I think I could learn to like this place."



up there, didn't it? But this Mr. Hovey just looked at me pityingly, and said kinda biting like, "You know, that's not LaChaine, Mr. Bozack. That's Stony Ridge. Just about half way."

Which was truly something to think about. Mr. Hovey says well, we might as well be starting, and we all squared off except Miss Chisholm. She was having trouble with her pack, which was hung all over with a camera and various other unidenti-

but nothing like the woods around Lake Matookla, because these were laid out sideways, with the steep edge up. I was right behind the Chisholm girl, and my heart was doing flips and things, but it might of been the altitude. There was things I might of said to her, too, only I needed every last puff of breath for climbing.

And in about five minutes I needed more than that, and couldn't find it. Just when I thought I was going

to have to lie down and quietly die, this Hovey stopped and waved his hand at the surrounding jungle.

"Red spruce," he said, like we was grade 3B and a little backward. "All virgin stand."

The others made no comment, and I couldn't, because of having no wind. Also because I was busy figuring this nature talk was only half the reason for stopping, and giving poor old Miss Catlin a chance to rest was the other half. And if there were just enough kinds of trees to last all the way up, she might even make it.

So Hovey strolled on a few steps, and stopped and poked up a leafy green article from the underbrush, and said, "Christmas fern. A sub species of the *asphugus-catonicus* family." Or something like that. A lot of what went on I got to reproduce by ear, but anyway that was the swing of it. All the women said "Ooh" and "Ah," but it just looked like carrot tops to me. I asked Mr. Hovey could you eat it. He give me that 3B look again, and said, "No. It's a strictly non-edible variety."

He started off up the trail, and I said to the Chisholm girl, "How does he know anyway? Did he ever try to eat any?"

She said, "Why don't you?"

I said, "Maybe it's poisonous."

She said, "That's what I was thinking."

I waited for Wally to catch up, and asked him was I all broke out in a rash or anything, and he said no, why? I said I was certainly small-pox to some people. Then I saw the Chisholm girl was right on Mr. Hovey's heels, and I was losing ground just standing there talking. I lit out after them, and it was just that minute poor old Miss Catlin went crazy.

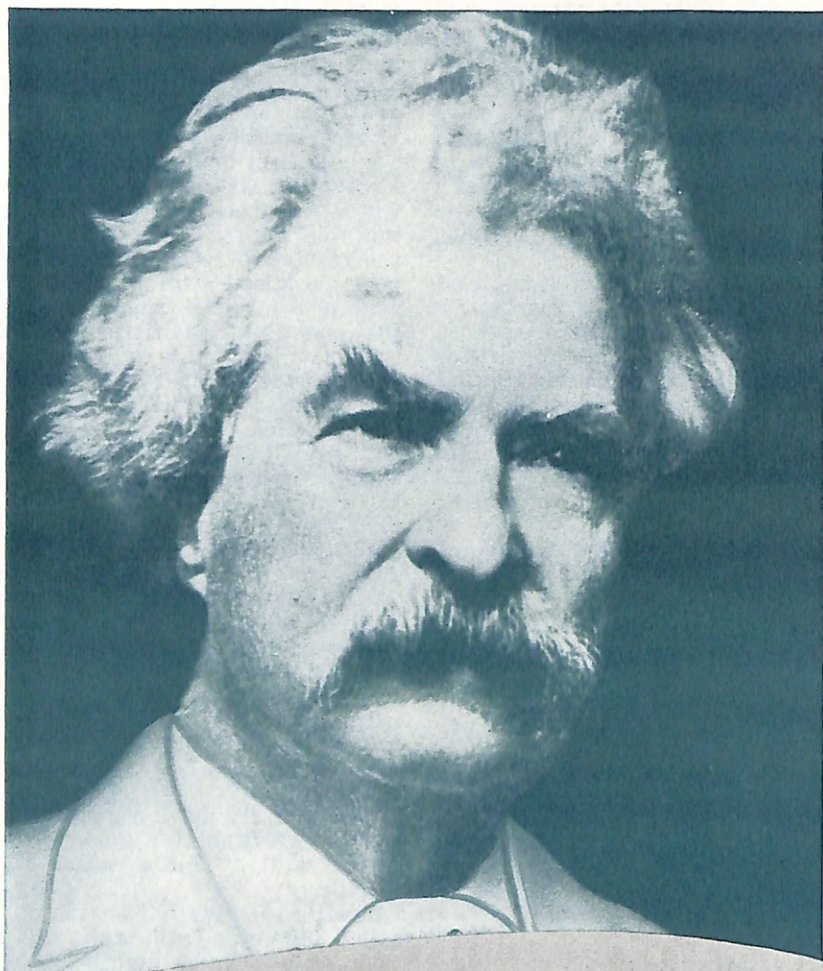
Or so it looked. She was just ahead of Mr. Hovey, and all of a sudden she stopped dead, and clasped her hands to her heart, and I thought thank God, at last a dizzy spell, when she cried, "Oh, oh, OH!" and went bounding up the trail like a bee-stung chamois. And when I saw those bounds, I knew whoever the party was going to hold back for, it wasn't going to be poor old Miss Catlin.

She hunkered down by the trail, hollering, "Oh, it is! It really is!" And all the rest of them scurried up there after her. I didn't scurry, but I got there. At first I couldn't see what it was, because they were all crowding around, and I said, "What goes on?"

Hovey looked up at me and said reverently, "Maroon trillium! Miss Catlin found it!"

Well, it was just a flower. A little three-leafed flower the color of old upholstery. I sneaked a look at Miss Chisholm to see if she didn't think it was all pretty silly too, but there was just as rapt a look on her beautiful features as any of the others. She was fussing with her camera, and saying, "Oh, I must get it. I really must."

They drew back for her, and she
(Continued on page 43)



WHAT AMERICA IS

Reading

By Harry Hansen

YOU'VE read a lot of hair-raising stories about experiences with the Nazis, some of them fact, others fiction. The most exciting chronicle is still to come. It is "Out of the Night", by Jan Valtin. The name is a disguise; the account is said to have been authenticated. It is a report of personal adventures of a conspirator in the twenty years since the war, packed with fighting, double-dealing, hair-breadth escapes and tragedy. Merely as a story it is more thrilling than any invented mystery in years, while as a document it illuminates the methods of Communist conspirators and describes how they undermine the confidence of loyal men and prepare for dissension and revolt.

Valtin is the son of a man who led the mutineers on the Kaiser's navy in 1918. He became a Communist worker in Hamburg in 1923, after he had witnessed the terrible economic and moral degradation that followed the defeat of Germany. His first work as an "activist" was to spread Soviet doctrines among the sailors of the harbor, getting converts among the crews. He hated conventional respectability, considered the police enemies, laughed at religion and thought employers were gluttonous and malevolent. He conspired to smuggle arms, to kill if necessary. He gives a terrible picture of underground conspiracy, in Germany, Belgium, England, on the Pacific coast, in Leningrad, in the

At left is Mark Twain whose hitherto unpublished book "Mark Twain in Eruption", will appear soon.

Orient. Leningrad was a school. "The master craftsman in the Kremlin could not have wished for better tools." A term in San Quentin was part of the conspirator's lot.

The thrilling part of this account of over 800 pages occurs when the Reds find it necessary for Valtin to get into the good graces of the Nazis in Berlin. He becomes a spy for them, although he is still an agent of the Communists. He is expected to betray the Communists to the Nazis, and the Nazis to the Communists. Of course disaster overtakes him; he escapes, but his wife and child suffer in his place. Before the end he describes the intolerable cruelties of the Nazi inquisition which attempts to get the facts about all conspiracies and wrings the truth out of men and women by physical violence. It is an appalling tale, the more terrible because it is told as a personal experience by the man to whom it happened, who is sought as a traitor by both the Nazis and the Communists. It has much information for Americans, but it also raises the question whether this type of subversive action ever gets results that last. Men like Valtin create demoralization and even bring about the death of others, but in the end they are fugitives from justice, unsafe everywhere. The warning to the American people is plain—such men make no headway in a country where the workers are contented, where poverty is not rife and where government is not administered by blackjacks. (Alliance Book Corporation, \$3.50)

MARK TWAIN was the genial old humorist to many Americans, but those who knew him well said he did a lot of grumbling. He was often bitter and cantankerous, and he re-
(Continued on page 52)

Below is Glenway Wescott whose new book, "The Pilgrim Hawk", was published in November by Harpers.

Photo by George Platt Lyons



**Mr. Frank concludes that
Democracy and Sports go
hand in hand—one cannot
flourish without the other.**

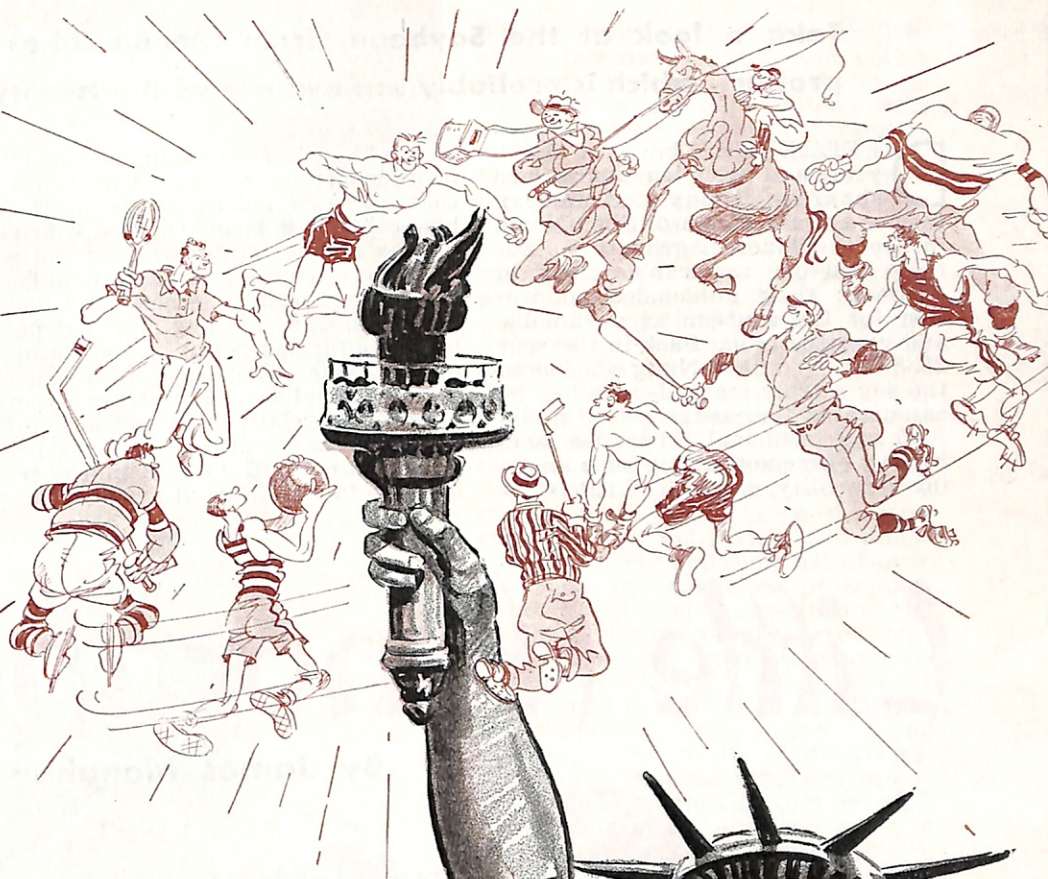
CIVILIZATION will not crumble nor will the final flowering of progress be damaged irreparably if sports were to be eliminated from the calendar of human activities tomorrow. Of all the occupations and avocations which interest men, the business of watching or participating in games is one of the least important—and one of the most significant. For democracy is dormant when simple folks are denied athletics for recreation.

Our long-haired chums, the intellectuals, will hoot down this abstract idea, principally because they never give a thought to sports and, besides, it seems to encroach upon their self-assumed franchise for deep thinking. Sports a symbol of democracy? Ridiculous!

But translated into reality, it wasn't ridiculous to 45,000,000 Frenchmen. When free France fell, one of the first symbols proclaiming the death of a democracy was a Nazi-inspired decree banning all professional sports except cycling. The Vichy government's Minister of Youth, Jean Ybarnegaray, said public adulation gave sport heroes a position far beyond their real worth to the nation. Too much space had been devoted in the newspapers to the exploits of athletes, M. Ybarnegaray declared; henceforth the emphasis would be on politicians, inventors and scientists.

France. The winner, whose total swamped Lacoste, Cochet, Criqui and Ladoumegue, was a total stranger in America, who knew the others well. He happened to be a professional bike rider who had just won the Tour de France, an event which, in a happier time, took the pedal pushers on a month-long race starting the borders of the country.

France was a tragic nation in



Sports and Democracy

By Stanley Frank

The exemption granted cycling is curious at first glance, yet curiously significant. Some years ago France was an important power in international sports as well as politics. Lacoste, Cochet, Borotra and Brugnon constituted the strongest tennis team in the world, won the Davis Cup six consecutive years. Eugene Criqui was the featherweight boxing champion of the world and Georges Carpentier had helped to attract the first million-dollar gate in history. Jules Ladoumegue and Sera Martin held world records in track. A national popularity contest was held to determine the sport hero of

August, 1940, when M. Ybarnegaray's decree was promulgated. The spirit of the people was crushed by the greatest military disaster of all time. Famine and exorbitant taxes to pay for the maintenance of a hated army of occupation were in the offing. Yet even in that dark hour the Vichy politicians feared to go the whole hog and deprive the nation of its beloved cycling.

What happened to sports in France will happen wherever the Dreaded Scourge strikes, for the principle of free competition—the life-blood of sports—is not compatible with totalitarian philosophy. Sports are a

luxury and, therefore, a privilege. They are an effect, not a cause, of democracy.

It is no coincidence that sports have flourished only in those countries
(Continued on page 52)

Take a look at the Soybean, from the oil cakes below to the finished product, which is probably somewhere within twenty feet of you right now.

DIFFERENCES born of 5,000 years and two alien civilizations separate today's American farmer and the Emperor Shen-Nung, father of Chinese Agriculture. But they hold one remarkable thing in common: their unbounded admiration for the soybean as a valuable and versatile crop. Back in the year 2838 B. C., old Shen-Nung considered the soy a truly magic bean when he enumerated for posterity 300 of its food and medicinal properties, and, by way of memorializing such amazing versatility, named it "Little Hon-

orable Plant". Today many an American farmer knows from experience that there is indeed magic in the honorable little bean. On land which he has had to withdraw from corn or wheat or cotton in order to qualify for AAA subsidies, he has put down soybeans. Like nothing else that he has ever farmed before, his soybean plants have burgeoned from the earth, amenable to almost any type of soil and relatively impervious to the scourges of drought and pestilence. But not until harvest time does he come face to face with what looks

like a modern agricultural miracle.

In this day of soil erosion and soil exhaustion, of agricultural surpluses and federal farm restrictions, here is a three-way crop which spells wealth and profit for the farmer, no matter how he disposes of it! He can plow it under green, for instance, and the high nitrogen quality of the plant will act like a tonic on his tired, worn-out soil, increasing the yield of future wheat as much as six bushels per acre. He can harvest the fine stems and leaves for silage, grind the beans into an oil-meal that will

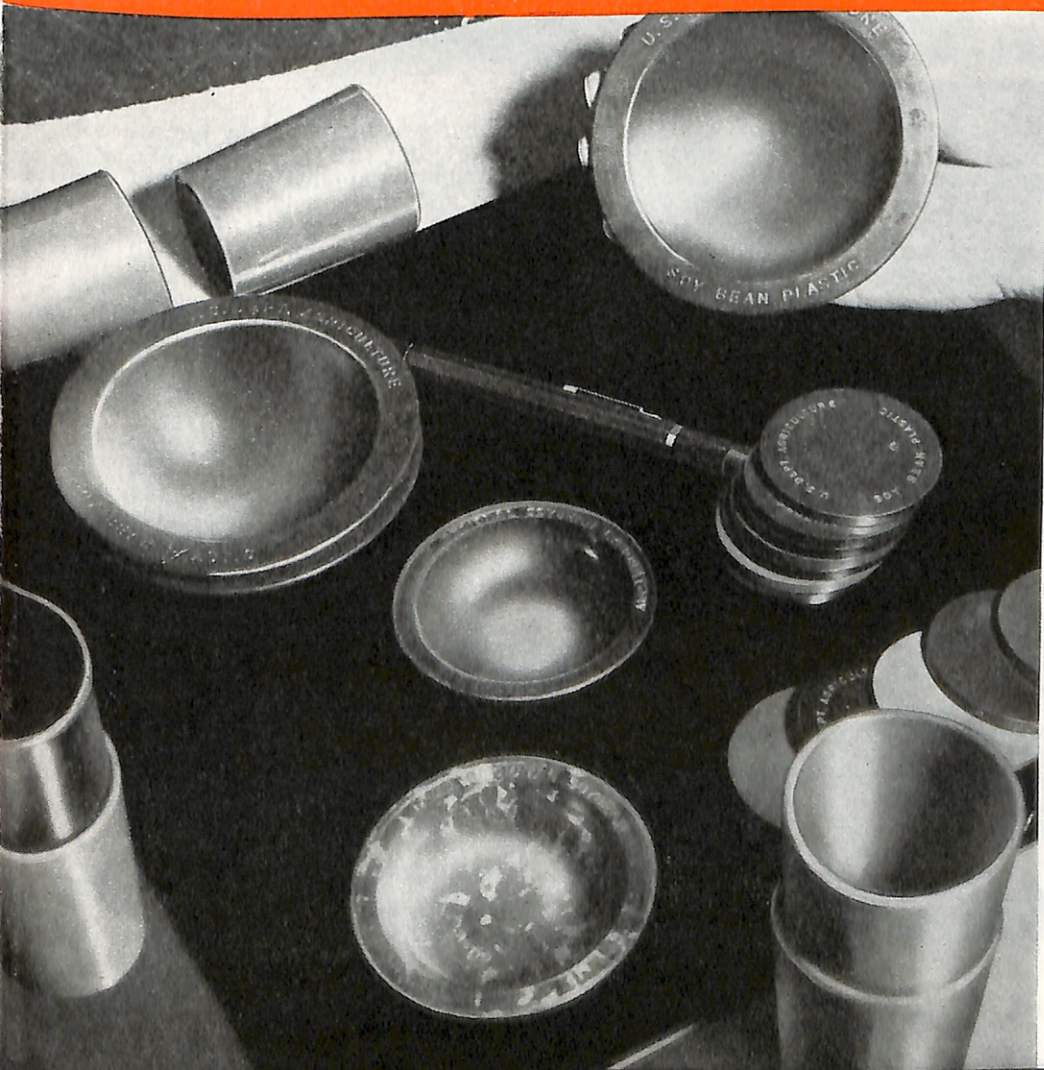
Little Honorable Plant

By James Monahan





Above is a chemist at work in the U. S. Department of Agriculture Soybean Lab. at Urbana, Ill. Below are a few of the many Soybean plastic products turned out in the same Laboratory.



put firm, marketable flesh on his livestock, increase the milk and butter yield of his cows. But probably he will not be entirely content with either of these blessings. Strangely enough in a time when most agricultural crops go begging and a farmer can still reap abundantly only to have his bank account remain bare, soybeans represent a "cash crop" which has yet to know a surplus, and probably won't be able to produce one for a long time to come. So the lucky farmer who has given over his acreage to the "little honorable plant" ships his crop to market, where at the present time soy beans are in somewhat furious demand—not alone as foodstuff or cattle fodder, but as an important raw material for more than a score of different American industries. Old Shen-Nung with his imposing list of over 300 food and medicinal properties, didn't visualize even one-tenth of the magic soybean's practical possibilities. Industrial chemists and soybean experts in the U. S. Department of Agriculture frankly admit that the astounding performance of this relatively obscure little Oriental immigrant to American agriculture is progressing so rapidly that its ultimate value in our national life and industry is entirely unpredictable.

It may be hard to believe that a little bean no larger than a peanut, with a name that heretofore has been unknown to most Americans except as a piquant sauce to be poured over heaping dishes of Chinese-American food, should form the basis of a boom that has lifted at least one segment of American agriculture out of the doldrums and kept engineers and big industrialists in a perfect lather of enthusiasm over what is, after all, just another farm crop. Yet here we have top-flight U. S. businessmen joining hard-bitten American farmers bowing low before the "Little Honorable Plant", lifting their voices in its praise with a sincerity and devotion that would have made even the Oriental kow-towing of old Shen-Nung seem shabby and inadequate.

A prominent automobile manufacturer points to a score of different improvements and gadgets in his latest model which have been made possible by soybeans, and assures us that his succeeding cars will contain less metal and more soy.

A tycoon of the vast and booming plywood industry attributes its sound condition and brilliant prospects to the soybean protein in his water-proof glue, and declares that soybeans saved the industry from virtual extinction.

Candy makers, after years of casting about for a vegetable coating which would keep chocolate-nut bars and gum drops fresh and appetizing, found an extract of soybeans which not only did the job, but also imparted a delicious, nutty flavor.

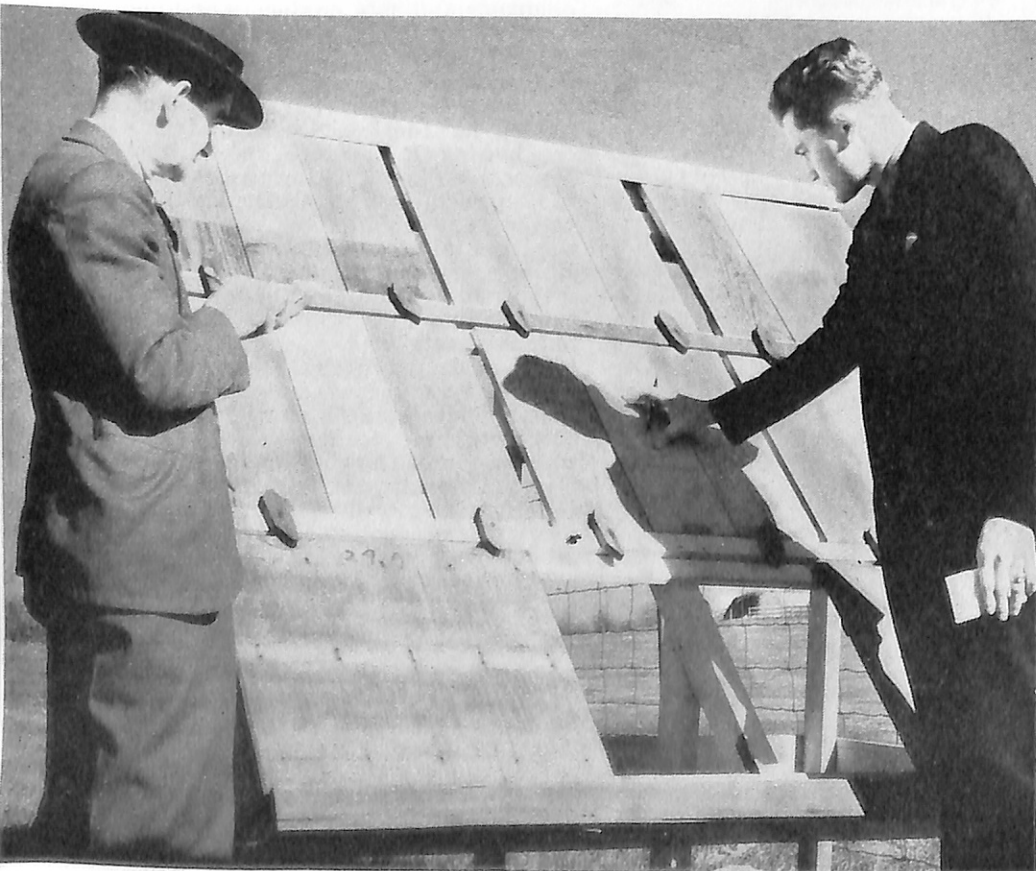
Paint and varnish manufacturers are dazed by the variety of improvements and economies developed in their products by soybeans. Lin-

oleum makers have discovered that the oilmeal of the bean is the answer to their demand for a covering that won't crack; and concrete manufacturers use it now to produce a waterproof concrete. Textile factories use the soybean to make fabrics soft and supple; the rubber manufacturers use it to give their products that soft, velvety feel. Makers of buttons, billiard balls, printers' ink, axle-grease, explosives, paper sizing, Christmas tree ornaments, building materials and plastic specialties now use the oil, the meal, or both extracts of the soybean as primary raw material. Chemists at the Iowa State College have "cracked" soybean oil by heating it to a temperature of 350° Centigrade and produced a pale yellow liquid which is a highly efficient substitute for motor fuel; and a Japanese scientist has developed another process by which 25 gallons of petroleum, along with the highly valuable by-product of 33 pounds of glycerine, can be produced from only 40 gallons of crude soybean oil!

Versatility? Well, these few examples indicate only a small proportion of the highly diversified uses to which the soybean is being put in as many different American industries today. But, remember: these and many others like them are all *practical* performances of the soybean—things now in production and on the market—not speculative dreams of possible future uses. There are plenty of the latter that are being dealt with quite plausibly by chemists in college and industrial research laboratories. As a matter of fact, (and on this score the American

farmer can be convinced that the current boom in soybeans is no freakish or passing thing) it is reliably reported that a number of manufacturers are holding back new products and uses of soybeans for only one good reason: they are still unconvinced that future *domestic* crops of soybeans will be sufficient to supply the rapidly increasing raw material demands of American industry! On the other hand, there are hundreds of thousands of American farmers with acres left barren by federal restrictions of wheat, corn and cotton crops, who have not yet taken to soybeans because the incredible demands of the industrial market are a little too fantastic to believe!

Last year the American soybean crop amounted to 87,409,000 bushels and sold on the produce exchanges for a total of \$113,000,000. That tidy sum, remember, went into the pockets of the comparatively small proportion of American farmers who may be classed as the nation's soybean pioneers. Many of them had raised their crops on land withdrawn, under AAA quotas, from wheat, corn or cotton. But in the southern states, where the soybean might well be the economic answer to idle cotton fields and national cotton surpluses, the soybean has been all but entirely neglected. About 90 percent of the national crop has been grown in the corn and wheat States of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, Missouri, Ohio, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas, with the State of Illinois far in the lead. This year the national acreage planted with soy-



beans has been increased by almost 20 percent, but the same geographical distribution applies. Farmers of the corn and wheat belt will supply the market; the potentially large producers of the cotton country will lag far behind. And yet, ironically, it was the Southland, and particularly the Carolinas, to which the soybean was brought, more than 100 years ago, an obscure and unimportant immigrant from the Orient, to set down its roots in the New World.

Not the least remarkable thing about the soybean, so far as the United States is concerned, is the fact that it is not only a "man-made crop", but what might well be called a "one-man-made crop". That man, in the opinion of most American agricultural authorities, is William J. Morse, at present senior agronomist of the Bureau of Plant Industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture. For more than a third of a century he has literally nursed the soybean plant in America from a mere seedling to its present booming proportions.

Back about 1900, the Office of Forage Crops of the Department of Agriculture was headed by the late

These men are testing the finish of a soybean oil varnish on an exposure rack.



This might be China, but it isn't. It's a soybean farm right here in Horry County, South Carolina.

Spread over a third of a century such persistent labor sounds arduous—which it was; but there was steadily mounting compensation with the years. A new American crop was born. As fodder for his livestock, the farmer found soybean oilmeal something that couldn't be beat. He couldn't feed his hogs and cattle soybeans whole, because they made the animals too fat! But the leaves and stalks made excellent silage, and the oilmeal put fine, firm flesh on his stock. In 1915, during a shortage of cotton seed in the South, the first mills for extracting oil from soybeans were opened in North Carolina, and the first practical experiments in the use of soybeans in the paint and varnish field were made.

In all, it is estimated that Morse put over 10,000 different lots of soybeans through his exhaustive tests, and narrowed down the types to those single plants which can be cultivated most efficiently and profitably by American farmers in various parts of the country. When, for instance, the paint and varnish people wanted a soybean whose oil had a higher "iodine number"—thereby insuring a quicker drying quality—he was able to produce a type that grows wild in the Orient and which
(Continued on page 45)

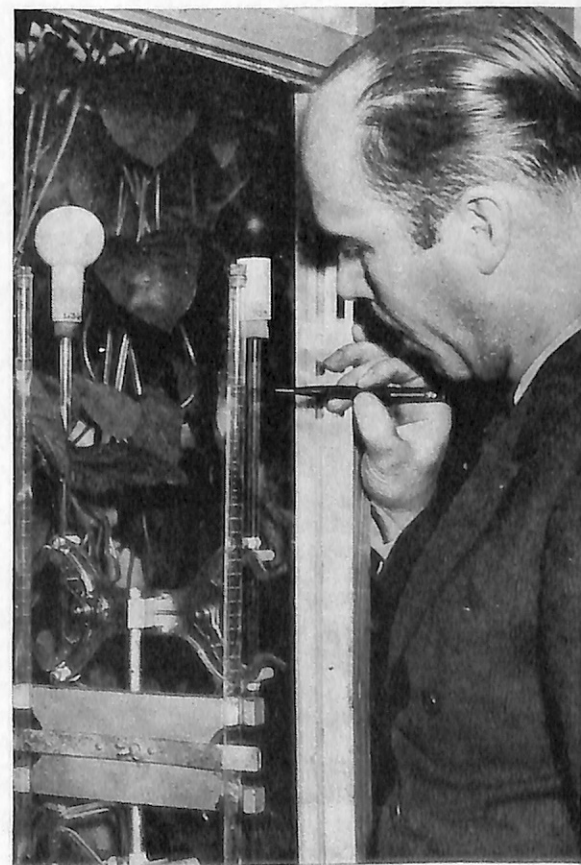
This man below is an agronomist and the gadget he's working is an atometer—to measure evaporation in the soybean plant.

Charles Vancouver Piper, a rather remarkable man who was at once a practical farmer and a theorist, a philosopher and a dreamer with uncanny foresight. Speculating on the future of American agriculture, Piper discerned a need for a new crop plant, something that would be of value both as human foodstuff and livestock fodder, and yet not be too rigidly confined in its possible uses to either. His thoughts returned repeatedly to the soybean, the uncommonly versatile plant which had been raised abundantly in the Orient even before the old Emperor Shen-Nung enshrined it in the annals of ancient agriculture. Some time in the early 19th Century soybeans had found their way to America and been planted in the eastern section of North Carolina. How this came about and for what purpose the first seeds were put down, no one knows. It has been suggested that some Carolina farm boy who had been educated and sent to the Orient as a missionary, shipped home as a curiosity a sackful of the beans which, in a variety of ways, formed a healthy staple in the diet of the oriental people. When Piper seriously turned to the plant as a possible provision for the future of American agriculture, there were less than 50,-

000 acres of soybeans planted in the entire country.

Then in 1907 he picked the man for the job: a shy, gangling, studious New York State farm boy, William J. Morse, who had just been graduated from Cornell. Together Piper and Morse sized up their problem. They studied and amplified the traditional virtues of the soy, reduced the list of such foodstuffs and stock feed as might meet American demands, and speculated long on the possible values of the rich and plentiful supplies of oil and meal produced from the beans when ground or pressed.

But if soybeans were ever to become a national crop in the United States, Morse realized that hundreds of different varieties, adaptable to different soils and climates, would have to be found, and new varieties developed by cross-breeding and hybridizing. Thus he started the first phase of the task, which, in the course of the next twenty-five years, was to take him into all sections of the Orient, collecting samples of soybeans; into all regions of the United States, patiently planting and cultivating, and then back to the laboratory, the stock farm and even the kitchen, to evaluate the practical aspects of the experimental crops.



Mildred Masters draws a complete and fascinating picture of the Memorial Home at Bedford, Virginia.

DO YOU ever dream of settling down for a few years of peace in a beautiful home located in a perfect climate and equipped with everything for your comfort? Probably. Most men do. Maybe you're lucky enough to own such a home. If not, the Elks National Home in Bedford, Virginia, is "It" with a capital "I".

You already know that this restful retreat at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains was planned to care for aged and needy members of the Order of Elks. You know that any Elk in needy circumstances and incapable of earning a livelihood may apply for admission, provided that he has been

add bright splashes of color to the cream tone of the main building, with its Grecian portico and the seven cottages joined to it by graceful arcades.

Some of the guests are playing a round of golf on the nine-hole course stretching out across the front lawns; others are resting on the benches and swings under the big trees, and many are nodding contentedly as they sit in the warm sunshine on the front veranda. Of course you understand that none of the residents of the Home does any work. Each man is absolutely free to occupy his time as he wishes. Pleasant maids take care of his room; capable

quality of food served is to ask a half dozen Brothers picked out at random as you wander around. Or, better still, time your visit to include at least one meal. You can then discover for yourselves that the quality of the food is unsurpassed. There's no limit to the quantity either. Seconds may be called for as often as desired. Breakfast and dinner are served in the dining room; lunch is served buffet style on two of the enclosed verandas. You can certainly get off to a good start for the day with the breakfast that is furnished. There is always fruit or fruit juice, together with every known cereal; there is always coffee with cream from the Elks

Your **MEMORIAL HOME**



By Mildred Masters

a member in good standing in the Order for a period of five years immediately prior to filing his application. You have been told, too, that this magnificent resort is a topnotch residential club, a delightful home. But, unless you visit it, you cannot appreciate fully just how much of a real home it is. So—each and every one of you is urged to make such a visit. Just notify Robert A. Scott, the Superintendent, in advance, in order that he may make arrangements for your accommodation.

If you are not driving your car, he will send the bus to meet you at the station in Bedford, about a mile away. As you swing into the extensive grounds through a wide gateway and roll along a curving driveway, you see the group of classically simple buildings spread out against the blue Virginia sky. Rich red-tile roofs, huge old trees, smooth lawns, clumps of shrubbery and gay flowers—all

and efficient waiters serve him.

From the front veranda you enter the main lounge, with its deep, comfortable chairs, its radio, its blackboard for recording ball scores. Probably the radio is turned on, and a group is listening to the news, the ball game, a concert, or what have you. This enormous room, cheerfully decorated with growing plants, is always well filled, for it's a fine place to congregate. It's the center of activity at all hours just as is the lobby of your own favorite club or the living room of your own home. The Superintendent's office opens off one end of the lounge, and nearby are the mail boxes, naturally haunted by eager crowds every time the postman arrives. (By the way, do you write to those you know at the Home?)

The big dining room, adjoining the lounge, is surrounded on three sides by glassed-in verandas. All you have to do to find out about the superior

farm. The rest of the menu varies from day to day—eggs, sausage or bacon; also hot rolls, muffins or toast. Lunch is simpler, but well-balanced. Dinner is excellent. Milk from the farm is provided with every meal for those who prefer it to a hot beverage. One thing you will note especially in the dining room is the fact that the table linen, both cloths and napkins, is changed every single day of the year and is always snow white.

The enclosed sun parlor bordering the dining room on the front is another popular spot for relaxation. Sunshine streaming through the glass across the plants and vines makes it cheerful; easy chairs make it comfortable.

Now stroll on through the covered arcade leading to the first cottage on this side of the main building. Other covered arcades connect this cottage with the two cottages beyond, so that in bad weather no one has to go out-



A group of Elks in the main lounge listening to the news, a ball game, a concert, or what have you

side to reach the central building. Each guest has his own outside room, and every room has hot and cold running water. Several bathrooms with tubs, showers and ample toilet facilities are located on every floor of every cottage.

A peek into a few of the rooms shows you that each one is tastefully furnished with everything desirable to contribute to the comfort of the occupant. Then, too, many a guest has added to the decorative scheme of his own particular room. Pictures and collections of various kinds cover the walls; photographs and flowers, trophies and handcrafts are all in evidence.

Next retrace your steps to the dining room and continue straight through to the kitchen. Before you

pick out any details, you notice that the room is large, light and well-ventilated, and that it is shining and immaculate. Next you realize that the equipment consists of every modern device necessary for the efficient preparation and serving of food—the huge range, the steam table, the slicer, the dish-washing machine, and so on. Moreover, the waiters do not have to stagger under the weight of heavy trays, but can roll their orders right into the dining room on rubber-tired metal wagons.

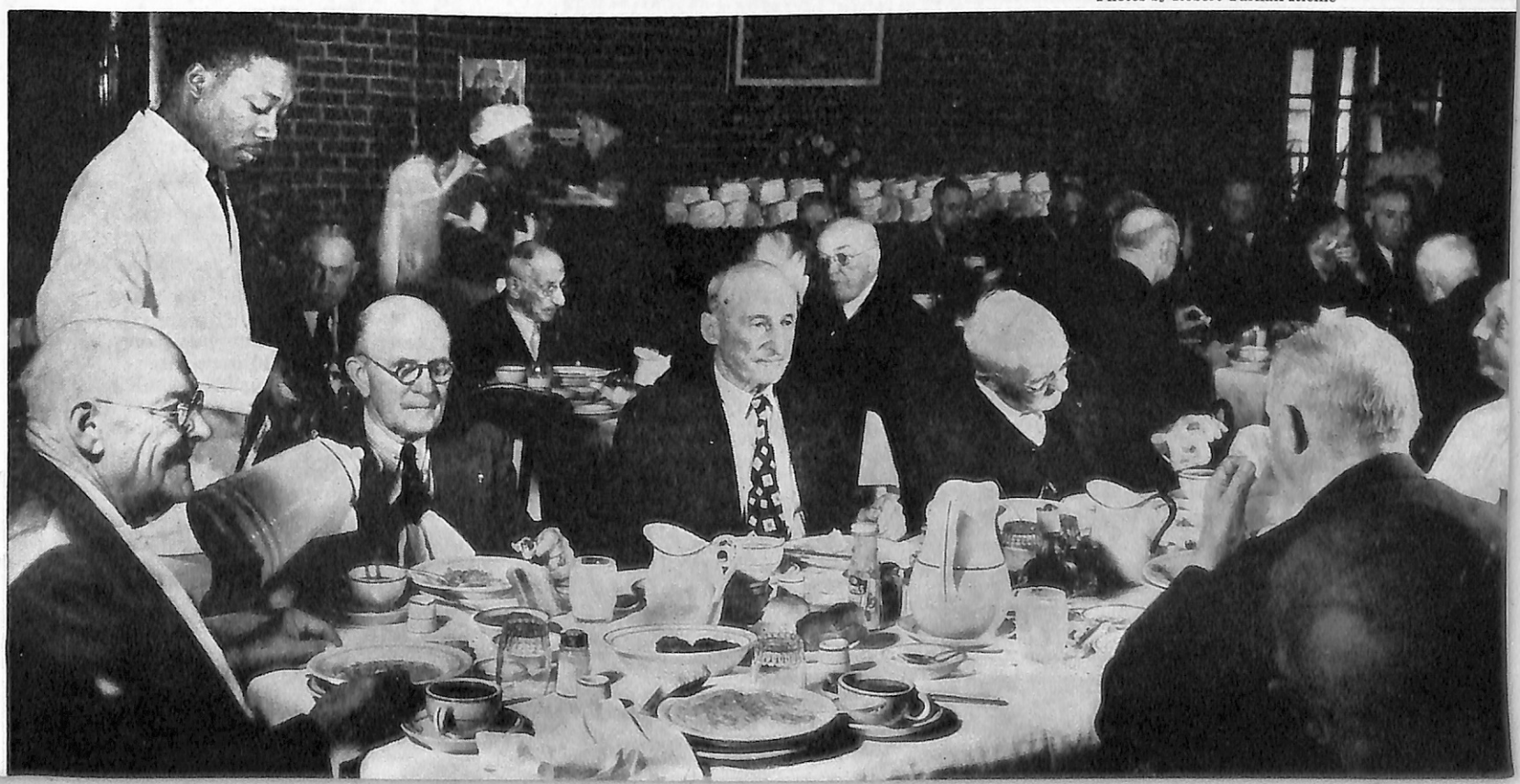
Just off the kitchen at the rear are the immense iceboxes—separate ones for meat, fruit and other perishable foods—and the cooled room for milk and cream. Downstairs (although actually on the ground floor) is the refrigerating plant that makes the

ice and cools the food storage chests just mentioned. The light, model bakery is also on the lower floor and from it come forth every single day the delectable homemade bread, biscuits, rolls, pies and cakes that contribute in such great part to the excellence of the meals.

The storeroom contains staple groceries and all the supplies bought in large quantities. As you look around at the well-stocked shelves, you see

The big dining room adjoining the lounge is surrounded on three sides by glassed-in sunny verandas.

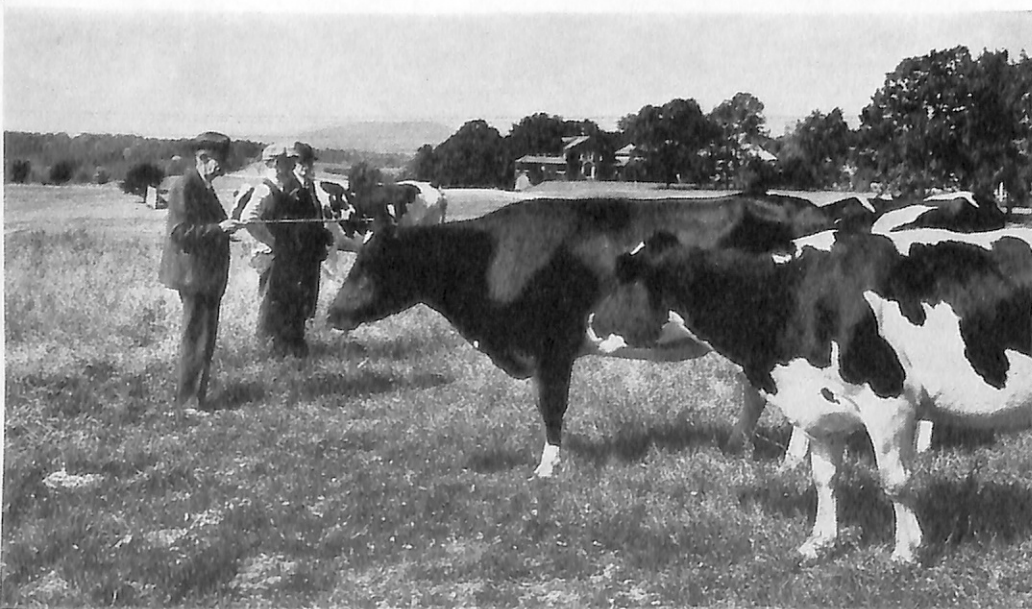
Photos by Robert Yarnall Richie





If the weather is fine, the spacious grounds provide a fine place for sunshine or shade, conversation or relaxation.

Below are a few of the blooded Holsteins which supply the Home with all its milk and cream.



nothing but standard brands. Everything is of the best obtainable.

Also located on the ground floor are dining and rest rooms for the help, as well as the tailor's shop, carpenter's shop and clothing rooms. Each Brother is given new clothes as often as he needs them. His suits, slacks and topcoats are fitted expertly to his measure by a skillful tailor; and he may choose from a wide range of patterns and colors. Shirts, hats, shoes, socks and underwear are also available in different designs and colors, so that a man won't meet himself coming around the corner a dozen times a day. This thoughtfulness on the part of the Superintendent represents one more proof of the effort made to have each resident feel that he is living just as he would live in his own home or club.

From the kitchen and storage wing of the main building, it is just a short walk to the powerhouse, which supplies high pressure steam for the kitchen and laundry throughout the year, and the necessary amount of steam heat for all the buildings. The laundry, modern in every respect, filled with up-to-date machinery, occupies the upper floor of the powerhouse and turns out 8500 pieces of clean laundry each week.

One of the beautiful rear cottages has 115 rooms, the other 105. These buildings are particularly beautiful because of their arcades and their inner courts with fountains, pools, flowers, and vines. Between the two cottages stands the Fred Harper Memorial Auditorium, the gift of Grand Treasurer Robert South Barrett of Alexandria, Virginia, Lodge, No. 758. It has new sound and projection equipment, is air-conditioned, and is furnished with comfortable seats. Motion pictures are shown here twice weekly, and each show consists of a regular full-length feature, a short and the latest news. (You might like to know, too, that the residents of the Home are admitted to the afternoon shows in the theatres of Bedford for the sum of ten cents, that they go as often as they choose, and that they are driven to town and back by the bus.) The new Auditorium is also used for the annual Memorial services held at the Home.

It's only a short distance from the rear cottages to the beautiful pool and garden built down a slight slope in the midst of a grove of towering old oaks.

But you can do that later. In the meantime, you'll want to wander down to the barns. On your way you look across the fertile 120 acres comprising the Elks farm toward the tall twin Peaks of Otter whose soft blue color forms such a magnificent backdrop for the beauty spot that is the Home. Nearer at hand grazing land stretches out before you, and a fine herd of cattle is browsing along the trim white fences.

The two silos have a capacity of eighty tons each; and there are two dairy barns, one for the young heifers and a larger one for the cows.

(Continued on page 49)

Red AND Gun

Mr. Trullinger tells us a few tall tales about shark fishing and sundry other things.

By Ray Trullinger

FOR the next few months the outdoorsman's vista will be as bleak as a hoss player's future. Fly-tying and rod repairing in the basement. Bull sessions around the hot stove. Beefsteak suppers and bingo binges at county sportsmen's association rallies. Some fox chasing, which spells fun for the hounds and chilblains for their owners.

Punta Gorda, Fla., dateline, "has been marvelous. We've shot limit bags three days in succession and tomorrow are going to give the bass another whirl over on Shell Creek. Mike got a 12-pounder over there last week. Later we'll skip over to Miami for a little salt water fishing, or drive down to Key West. Too bad you're having such cold weather



Fishing-through-the-ice, which is another way of describing incipient pneumonia.

Of course our southern pals and a few northern lotus eaters luxuriating in the sunshine and grapefruit belt will continue to have fun, the bums. Fun while we shovel coal and tote out ashes. Comes an epistle from one such, enclosing numerous interesting photos depicting waving palms, catches of over-stuffed black bass and limit bags of quail. And no ice or snow whatsoever.

"So far, the bird hunting down this way," writes our chum under a

up north." Nice of him, isn't it?

There ought to be a special hell for guys who write letters like that, particularly when such mail arrives on the tail end of a blizzard.

But that's not all. Bend an ear to this one:

"If, by chance," writes another refugee from the zero belt, "you know of a retired baseball player who wields a powerful bat, or perhaps a top hand with a sledge hammer who is out of a job, wrap him up and ship him to Stuart, Fla. There is a crying need for a man of muscle who can sock a shark on the

snoot with sufficient authority to chill the critter for keeps.

"Shark socking is a major industry a couple of miles from here. Each day three boats churn out to the Gulf Stream, about eight miles from St. Lucie Inlet. Being an adventurous mariner I joined them this morning, and, as Tex Rickard would have said, 'You never seed anything like it!'

"They string 250 hooks on chains and dangle such delicacies as old fish heads, chunks of porpoise and even shark meat before the toothy terrors of the deep. There is no lack of customers. Exactly 152 of them showed up for breakfast today and were hauled aboard in various states of health. Occasionally only half a shark would be forthcoming. His buddies took care of him when they saw he couldn't hit back.

"Now here's where the guy with the mighty sock comes in," continues our Gulf Stream adventurer. "As the sharks are pulled up, a man armed with a section of pipe raps them smartly on the bugle. Their brains, if any, are in their snoot, and a well-timed, healthy crack generally irons them out. But the gent who had to deliver 152 socks this morning looked pretty well fagged at the finish. That's why I think a professional shark socker would be invaluable. Some of these big hammerheads have a habit of taking a short count, unless expertly conked.

"Don't let anybody tell you these shark hunters aren't game guys. One of them became annoyed when an unhooked shark chewed off the tail of a captive, and jumped overboard with a knife. Before you could say 'Hi-Yo Silver!' he had slit the uninvited guest's belly and climbed back in the boat. Other sharks took up where he left off. I would have tried this stunt myself if I wasn't suffering from sunburn."

Nuts to Florida letter writers!

MAYBE it's the Lone Ranger influence, but every winter about this time your correspondent resolves to master that most tricky of shootin' irons, the handgun. These seizures, like that other annoyance, the head cold, always run a regular course.

First, there are daily half-hours devoted to what is known as "dry practice." This consists of assuming a conventional target shooting position with an unloaded weapon and snapping the piece at any well defined target around the house. A chromo of Aunt Minnie over the fireplace always has been our favorite. That wen on her nose has a steadying effect on the arm and also has the advantage of offering excellent definition over a flat-topped target sight.

During these dry practice sessions much attention is given to proper trigger squeeze, breath control, stance and other contributing factors to high scores and subsequent gold medals. In no time at all Aunt Minnie's wen is taking a terrible

(Continued on page 48)

This time Ed Faust answers some of the countless questions which confront him.

THIS business of writing about dogs has several interesting angles. The chief of these is the letters that we get. (Ed. note: "We thought it was the monthly check.") There is always a surprise element in such letters and we open each with the anticipation of a small

except when I take him on an auto trip. At that time he invariably gets sick . . . he's four months old. Can this be cured?" This is a common problem of many dog owners and here's our reply to it. To begin with, that pup is still very much of a baby and in time may grow out of



Photo by Ruth Mallory and Black Star

By Ed Faust

boy unwrapping a Christmas gift. They're pretty good letters too, and if we didn't have an outspoken editor to keep us from getting swell-headed we might have to wear a hat a few sizes larger.

Perhaps you'd like to look over my shoulder and read some of this mail with me. If you like dogs, and you do or you wouldn't be reading this, you may be interested in seeing what some of the customers have to say. At the same time we'll tell you what we tell them. Here's one from Moline, Ill., Mrs. P. D. writes, "I've received a dog for my birthday and he's well behaved in every respect

such car-sickness although many dogs, some of them experienced show campaigners, never get used to the automobile. When planning to take a dog of this kind in your car it's best to withhold all food and water from him for at least three hours before the trip. Next, be sure to take plenty of old newspapers or rags—you may need them. As a last resort, your veterinarian may be able to give some small prescription that may help to keep Towser from tossing his biscuits.

M.M.P. of Kansas City, Mo., asks, "Can you tell me where I can get a good Springer Spaniel?" Well, we've

answered this by sending Mr. M. M. P. a list of spaniel kennels in his section of the West. Incidentally, the kennels that we recommend to our readers are only those that enjoy good standing with the American Kennel Club, governing body for pure-bred dogs. Such kennels must be reliable and trustworthy.

From away out in Aberdeen, Washington, Mrs. A. G. F. sends a letter saying, "I've just lost a splendid German Shepherd . . . killed by a car. It was the driver's fault. Can you tell me what redress I have?" I'm sorry, Mrs. F., but I can't. This is a matter for your local attorney. We never attempt to give legal advice. We don't know a darned thing about law beyond the old precept that it's a good thing not to violate. All we can add is that you round up your witnesses and consult your lawyer. He'll know what to do.

Believe it or not there are still some people who doubt the effectiveness of inoculation against distemper and here's a note from Mr. L.C. of Portland, Maine, about this very thing. Says Mr. C., "I have a Scotty three months old and I'm told that is too young to have him inoculated, besides I've read some place that such inoculation doesn't mean a thing." Hold on to your hat my friend; inoculation has time and again proven its worth. The best minds among the veterinarians agree that it isn't 100% effective but that it is about 98% of the time. Frankly, we wouldn't think of owning a dog without having it inoculated. Any insurance that gives 98% coverage is a darned good buy.

Here's that old question of house-breaking again. From Cleveland, O., Master T. O. checks in with this query, "I have a pup but mother won't let me keep it unless I can teach it to be clean. How can I do this?" Well, Thomas, all you have to do is to spread a few sheets of newspaper in a corner of one of your least-used rooms and when your dog shows that he wants to relieve himself, rush him on to the papers and at the same time speak sharply to him. Watch him closely and try to catch him *before* he wants to go. If he escapes your attention and does misbehave this way, don't whip him for this as he is only a baby and his memory for a misdeed is extremely short; he'll not connect the punishment with the crime.

Mrs. M. K. writes from Stamford, Conn., to ask, "Is the soap we use in our bathroom suited for washing a dog?" Our answer is that it is better by far to use one of the advertised dog soaps. They're inexpensive and not only are excellent cleansers for Fido but also do a job on fleas and such-like. Soaps made for human use too often contain caustics harmful to the dog's coat and skin.

F. L. (we can't tell whether this comes from a man or a woman) forwards a postal with this question; "What can I do to stop my dog from

(Continued on page 54)

MANY sympathetic, agonized Americans this hapless winter must wish that the world might stand still just long enough for them to catch their breath. Since, however, the world probably won't slacken its dizzy, desperate pace for years to come, one solution is to take a holiday where speed and change are less apparent. There is tranquillity aboard ship, and in new pastures relief to anxious hearts. To the south are the broad, blue vistas of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean, its very name recalling "stately Spanish galleons" and swashbuckling pirates, South America and all of the sun-swept, romantic West Indies. Through these southern waters can be followed the trail of Columbus. If they have often been visited before, there is the pleasure of returning to lands of happy memories. If they are new to the traveler, there is the excitement of fresh adventure. The cruises offered by the various steamship lines this winter fit vacations of any length and fulfill nearly any holiday dream. Besides the coastwise vessels, nine United States flag lines are calling at the West Indies ports. Scarcely a passport or any paper beyond the usual proof of American citizenship is needed by cruise passengers or visitors, although it is always advisable to check this point with cruise officials.

At mention of the West Indies the mind may turn to Cuba, Jamaica, Bermuda, beloved of Americans since the lively, carefree 1920's; to Puerto Rico's San Juan, of all ports in the Caribbean the one most visited by tourists. Only four days from New York, it is an easy journey, and San Juan well merits a visit. To be seen are the newly repaired, three-hundred-year-old Governor's Mansion and El Morro, the fort which is a stern guardian today as it has been for four centuries.

In spite of Bermuda's new position in the economic and political scheme, life goes on on the coral isle, with its enchanting white and pastel houses, very much as it always has, and serenity reigns. The leisurely barouches are plentiful as ever, the harbor as blue, and it is possible, as always, to rent a bicycle to make a round of the shops or to ride over to old St. George's. St. George's, it may be recalled, played its own part in the American Revolution. Bermuda is included in weekly cruises which cover also Curaçao, where passengers disembark in the curious, land-locked harbor-basin at Willemstad; which dip down into Venezuela for a stop at La Guaira, which, for the steepness of its hills, might be called the harbor that stands on its head; and Puerto Cabello, with a side trip to Caracas. If a longer stay in Bermuda is desired, the voyager may remain an extra week in that sweet garden of the sea, and come back to the States on a sister ship.

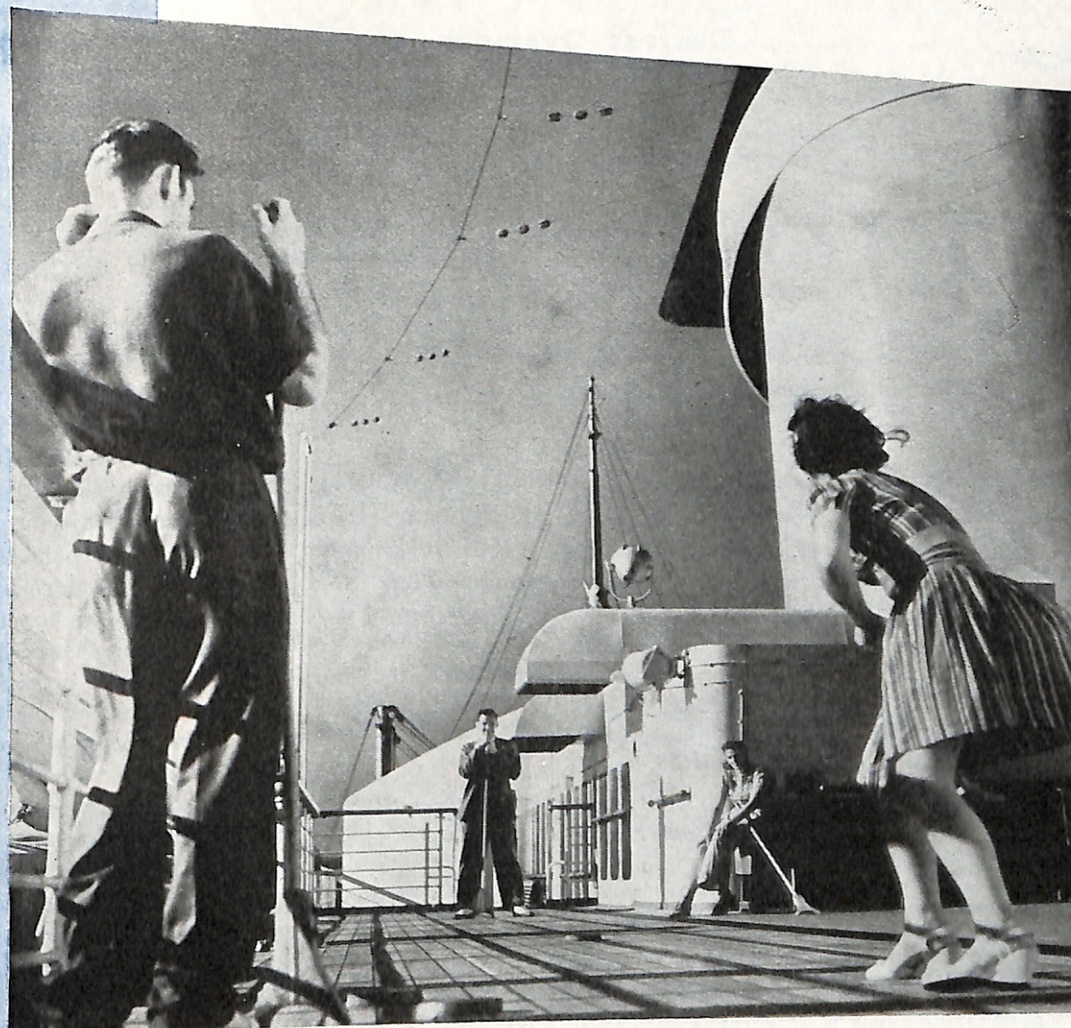
Curaçao has a long-standing tie with New York since Peter Stuyve-

sant was an early governor of both. Willemstad, before the present war, was a paradise for shoppers. As Curaçao was declared a free port in 1826, all sorts of luxuries could be purchased there at reasonable prices. No doubt that is still true of the liqueurs, silks and gents' linen suits which still reach the island.

Cuba, that somewhat unwilling outpost of the United States, greets nearly all of the cruise ships, and a gracious hostess indeed is Havana. She has been called one of the loveliest cities of the world. Night clubs, gaiety and music she offers freely, and such contradictions as the narrowest old-city streets elbowing broad, marble-lined boulevards. This

Cruise Days

By Kiley Taylor



United States Lines

Two cruise members playing shuffleboard on the new America, flagship of the U. S. Lines, during a cruise of the Caribbean.

winter, again, Havana can provide bullfights by way of entertainment. There are sailings from Miami six times each week.

After seeing grim El Morro, at the magnificent harbor entrance, and the famous Cathedral which for many years guarded Columbus' last sleep, travelers will very likely feel that Cuba is worthy of a more extended visit. In the year-round sunshine they will want to see Veradero Beach, and La Playa Beach on the Gulf of Mexico. They will want to go by bus to Camaguey, and on to Santiago de Cuba, at the opposite tip of the island. Santiago is a very old port, and among its famous hills is San

(Continued on page 49)

Editorial

Distress Overseas

THE European wars have brought to us here in America many important and perplexing problems and those at hand in all probability are but the beginning of many more to follow and press for speedy solution. This certainly will be the case if the conflicts are long continued, which now seems likely. There are so many of these problems that, together with their variations and complications, they are indeed startling. Of the many we mention only one, but it is indeed puzzling and is resulting in divergent opinions as to what should be done about it, if anything.

That there is wide-spread distress in Germany and in German-occupied territory seems to be established beyond controversy. It is inevitable that this will become more severe and widely extended during the winter months. It embraces the very old, the sick, the women and the children. The distress of the latter seems to be most appealing, if it is possible to differentiate between them. It is argued, and with strong appeal, that the children are not responsible for these wars and, being innocent of fault or blame, they ought not be allowed to suffer from cold and hunger. Out of this premise comes the humanitarian appeal that we in America should and must come to the rescue with food and clothing.

But there are obstacles in the way. First there is divided sentiment in this country among those equally impelled by humanitarian impulses. Some favor immediate and adequate aid. Others are opposed, and base their opposition on several grounds. Among other things they assert that to send relief to these stricken people would be another step toward becoming involved in these foreign wars; that Hitler is responsible and should stop his engines of destruction and devote his time, energy and resources to relieve the distress which he has occasioned; that food sent to relieve this suffering would probably go to the soldiers instead of to the children, thereby aiding Hitler to carry on the war thus adding to instead of ameliorating the suffering; that it would be hazardous to attempt to run ships carrying food and clothing through the English blockade and that England cannot possibly be expected to lift the blockade even for these ships of mercy for the reason that the blockade is one of her strongest arms in defense of her own people and the one on which she largely relies eventually to bring Germany to her knees.

Those favoring extending this aid argue that these observations are in part visionary and that the others can be met and overcome. They assert that the opposition in this country would be at an end if only the deplorable facts with reference to the suffering of women and children were fully disclosed; that the sending of aid could not possibly lead to war but on the contrary would be recognized and accepted as a gesture of peace; that to expect Hitler to be moved by any sympathetic appeal or to halt his engines of destruction

is little if any short of ridiculous as he is ruthless in prosecuting his lust for power which is made possible for him only by armed force; that the food and clothing sent to those suffering people could and would be distributed by Americans so that little or none of it would reach Hitler's or Mussolini's soldiers; that on proper appeal England can be induced to lift the blockade for the safe passage of ships carrying food and clothing for the starving children; and that in any event, regardless of all risks, we as a humanitarian people cannot in these circumstances justify a course of inaction.

We have briefly set forth some of the arguments on both sides of this question. There are others, however, many of which probably will occur to you as you read this article. The situation is bewildering and puzzling. In your judgment what, all things considered, is the proper course to adopt and follow? It must soon be decided one way or the other.

A Chat With General Pershing

RECENTLY we were privileged to visit General John J. Pershing at his "cozy corner" in the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., which he is accustomed to frequent from time to time for rest and recreation. We found him in excellent health for a man of eighty years who has undergone the strain, exposure and hardships incident to the many years he has devoted to Army life.

The General is a pleasing conversationalist, well posted on current events, has his own opinions with reference to them and knows how to express himself with force and conviction. As he talks the listener has the feeling that it is best to agree with him or else to be well fortified with facts and logic to back up his position. There is a finality about the General's statements which we judge was characteristic of his conversations with the Generals of other armies and of his orders to the troops serving under him during the World War. We do not intend to convey the impression that he is harsh and caustic. Quite to the contrary he is genial and affable, but lurking back of his pleasing smile is an unmistakable firmness.

The conversation turned to the Order of Elks and the General was enthusiastic in praising the Order and commenting on its patriotic activities. He referred to the work which it had carried on during the World War and characterized it as splendid. He spoke highly of the work in which the National Defense Commission is now engaged and said that undoubtedly it would be very helpful to the Government in meeting the deplorable situation presented at this time. He expressed himself as feeling deeply honored that a special class had been named for him and evidenced great pleasure that so many had come in to the Order as members of it. He said that he wished every member of this class as well as every member of the Order could realize how proud he is to be a member of such a splendid fraternity and how appreciative he is that such a large class should be inducted into the Order under his name. He met the suggestion that this might be done through *The Elks Magazine* by saying that he would like very much to have it done that way.

Memorizing of Ritual

INITIATIONS conducted by officers of subordinate lodges who, book in hand, read from the printed page the parts set down to them, lack impressiveness. Thus the lessons

sought to be impressed on the mind of the candidate are lost. That this is generally recognized is evidenced by the ever-increasing interest in ritualistic contests fostered by the Grand Lodge, supported by State Associations and made effective by many lodges which engage in friendly rivalry for supremacy in the exemplification of the ritual.

Recognition of its importance resulted in the enactment of Section 118 of the Grand Lodge Statutes which provides that within thirty days after their installation all officers of subordinate lodges shall memorize those portions of the ritual assigned to them and which further provides that failure on their part so to do shall work a forfeiture of office. Such forfeiture shall be declared by the subordinate lodge at a regular session. It will be noted that the word "shall" and not "may" is used both with reference to memorizing the ritual and to the declaration of forfeiture. This statute imposes two duties, first the duty of each officer to memorize his part of the ritual, and second the duty of the lodge on his failure so to do to declare a forfeiture of his office.

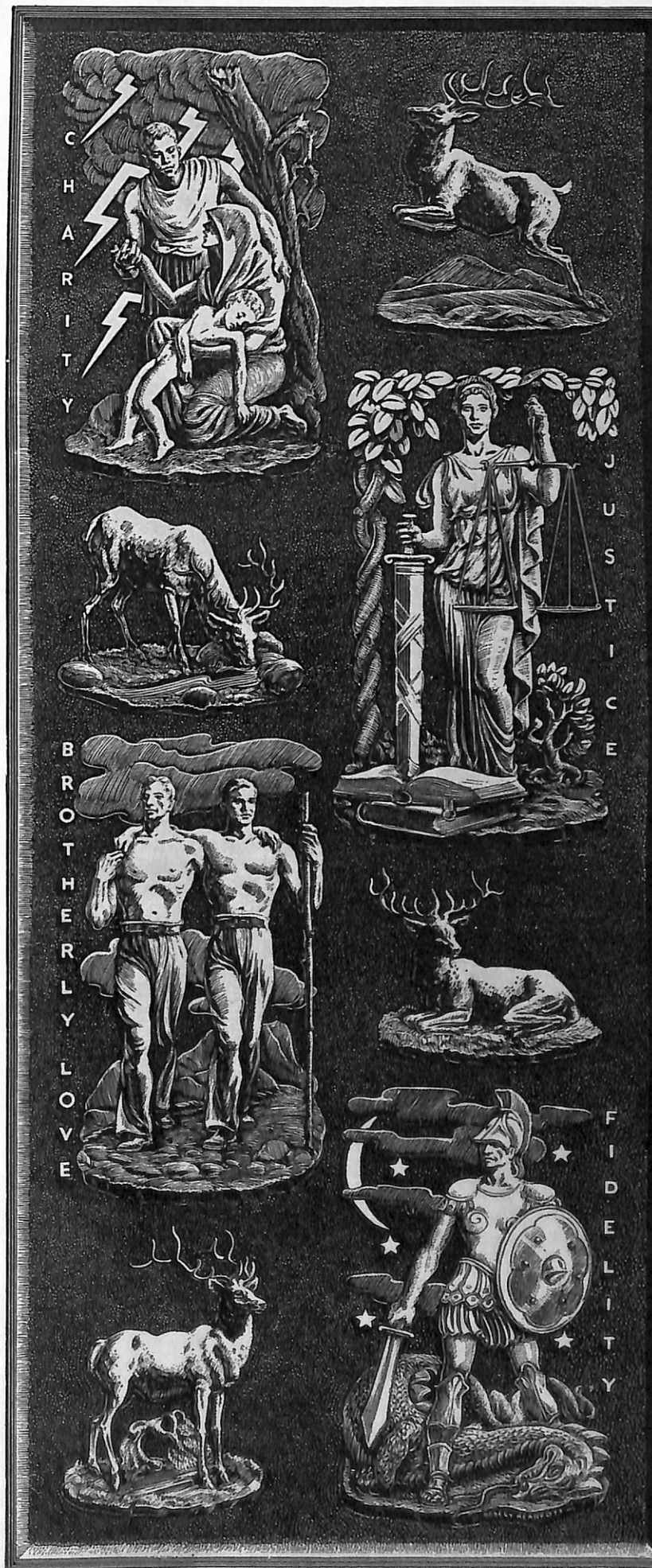
However, two other duties are involved in enforcing this statute. First, it is the duty of the District Deputy to observe how the officers of subordinate lodges in his jurisdiction render the ritual and to make full report to the Grand Exalted Ruler, and second, the duty of the Grand Exalted Ruler to act pursuant to the provisions of Section 16 of the Grand Lodge Statutes which gives him the power and authority to remove any subordinate lodge officer who neglects the duties of his office. Failure to memorize his part of the ritual comprises such neglect of duty and if the lodge does not act to remove him from office, it then becomes the duty of the Grand Exalted Ruler to remove any such officer.

February As A Natal Month

IF YOU selected this month of February for your advent into this now troubled world, you succeeded in getting into a natal month of real importance at least from the American standpoint. As you know, George Washington was born on the 22nd in 1732, and Abraham Lincoln on the 12th in 1809. Both days are sacred to the memory of these two outstanding and overshadowing characters in American history. Their fame and influence extended to other countries constituting them world characters who have come down in history among the great of the earth. It is useless to speculate as to what sort of a nation we would have today had these two men never been born. It may be doubted if we would have a nation at all, certainly not the United States of America we know and love. It is impossible for us to do honor overmuch to these the greatest of our national characters.

But stars of lesser yet of great magnitude appear in the natal firmament of February. In order during the month, as we have been able to check them, Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist, was born on the 2nd in 1875; Charles Lindbergh, the daring aviator, on the 4th in 1902; Robert Mantell, the great actor, on the 7th in 1854; William Henry Harrison, the ninth President of the United States, on the 9th in 1773; Elihu Root, the lawyer and statesman, on the 15th in 1845; John Sullivan, the American soldier who conquered the Iroquois, on the 17th in 1740; and Henry W. Longfellow, the beloved poet, on the 27th in 1807.

With this record to its credit, the shortest month in the year may well hold its head high among its associates.





Above are the seven Duffy brothers who are members of McKeesport, Pa., Lodge. Six were members of a recent class.



Above is part of a recent class of candidates initiated into Dayton, Ohio, Lodge. Those shown above are officers of the McCall Corporation which prints *The Elks Magazine*.

Under the ANTLERS



Right is Battery F of the 265th Coast Artillery stationed at Miami when they were presented with new colors by Miami, Fla., Lodge.

Below is a section of the largest group of candidates initiated into Olean, N. Y., Lodge in many years. Shown with the class is State Pres. J. Theodore Moses.

Below are pictured those new members of Creston, Iowa, Lodge who were initiated not long ago as part of the observance of the Lodge's Fortieth Anniversary celebration.





Above are Elks of Youngstown, Ohio, Lodge who were present at "Old Timers Night".

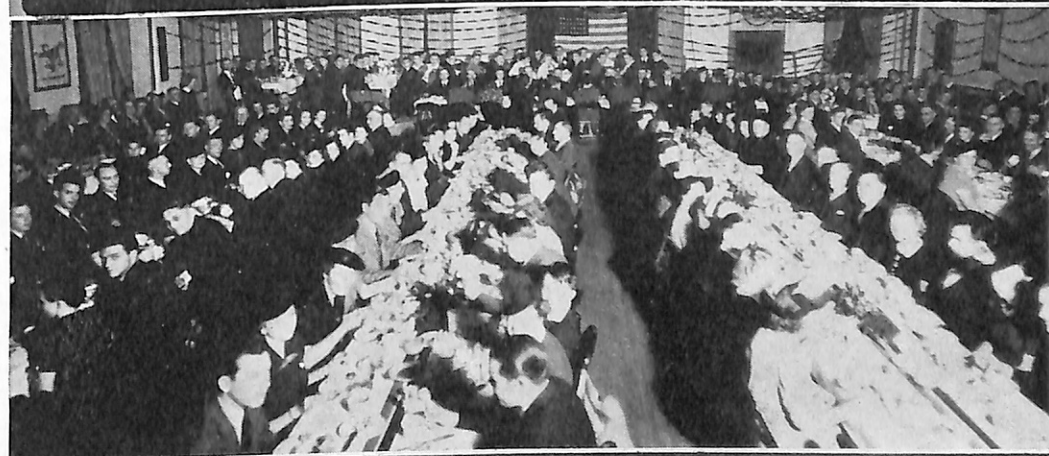


Above are three members of Marion, Ohio, Lodge shown with D.D. Walter J. Mougey. They are E.R. Herman J. Feidner, Jr.; his son, James J. Feidner, initiated that evening, and the candidate's grandfather, Herman J. Feidner, Sr.

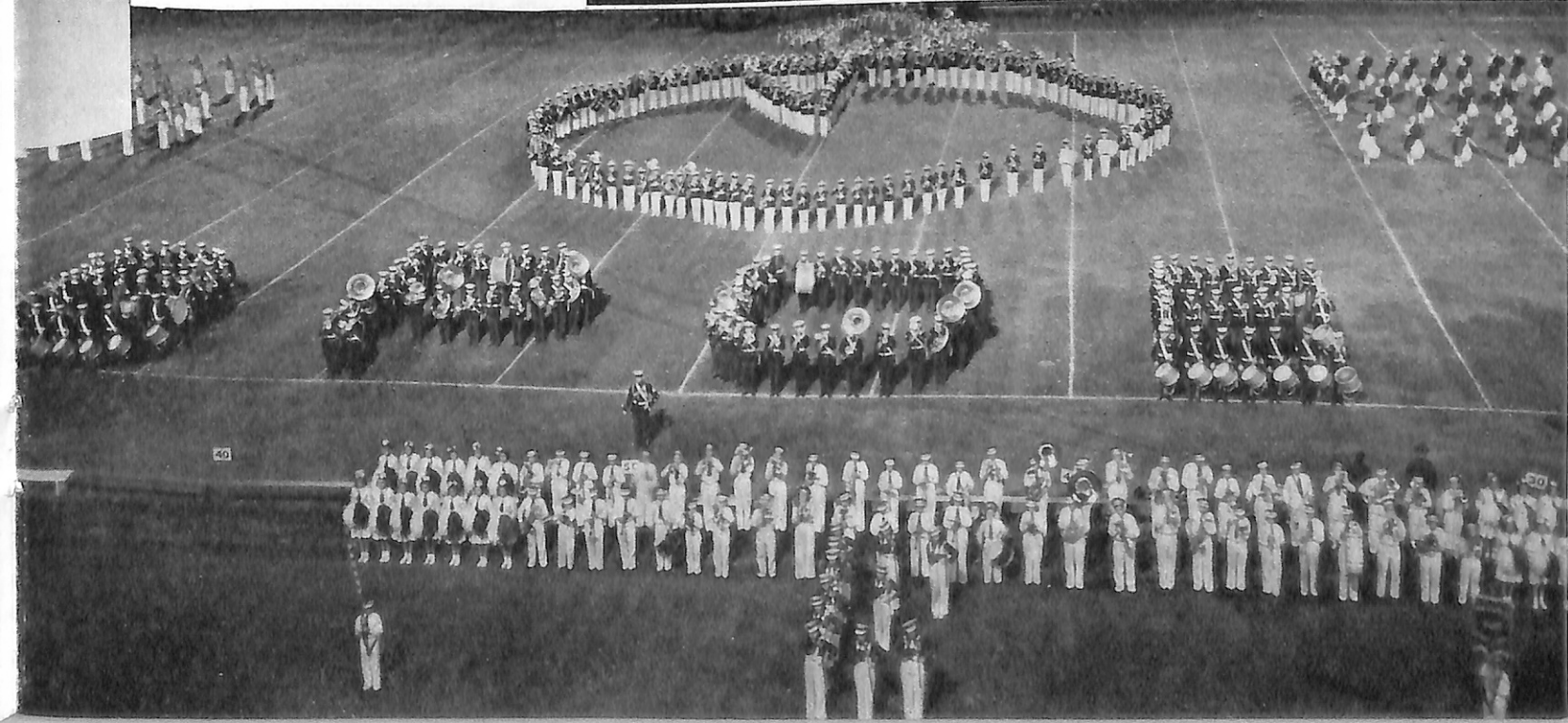
Right are members and officers of Connellsville, Pa., Lodge who are shown with the new Antlers Lodge which they have sponsored.



Right are those who attended the seventh annual banquet held by Longview Lodge in honor of the players and coaches of Longview, Wash., high school.



Below is the insignia of our Order, formed by the U. S. Marine Band and the Bonham Brothers Boys' Band, during the charity football game sponsored by San Diego, Calif., Lodge.



Under the ANTLERS

Below, left, is Bob Feller and E.R. Carl Walter of Muscatine, Ia., Lodge, when the Cleveland Ace Pitcher visited 500 Elks and their wives at the Lodge home.

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Knoxville, Pa., Lodge Home Is Visited By Destructive Fire

The home of Knoxville, Pa., Lodge, No. 1196, was damaged by fire on November 6 to the extent of \$10,000 or more. The home had just been remodeled and freshly painted. The new furniture, installed throughout the building, was completely destroyed.

Undaunted, the lodge began to make plans immediately for a second remodeling. The loss was covered by insurance.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge Burns Mortgage on Elks' Golf Course

Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155, burned a \$75,000 mortgage recently on the Elks' golf course during a stag banquet held in the lodge home. The mortgage was acquired in 1928 when the golf course was purchased and built west of the city. A club house is in course of construction.

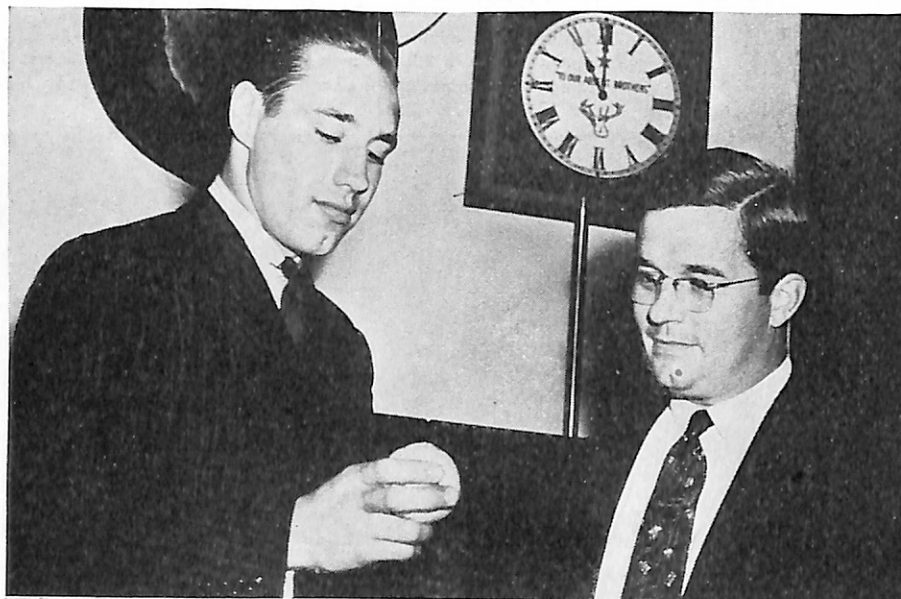
The mortgage-burning ceremony was conducted by E.R. Howard C. Morse and Marcus J. Harrigan, Exalted Ruler of the lodge at the time the golf course was bought. They were assisted by Ben Poelhuis, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, who was Toastmaster at the banquet. Short talks were made by Mayor Harry W. Baals and D.D. C. James Burke, of Peru Lodge. Nearly 400 members attended the chicken pie dinner which was followed by entertainment.

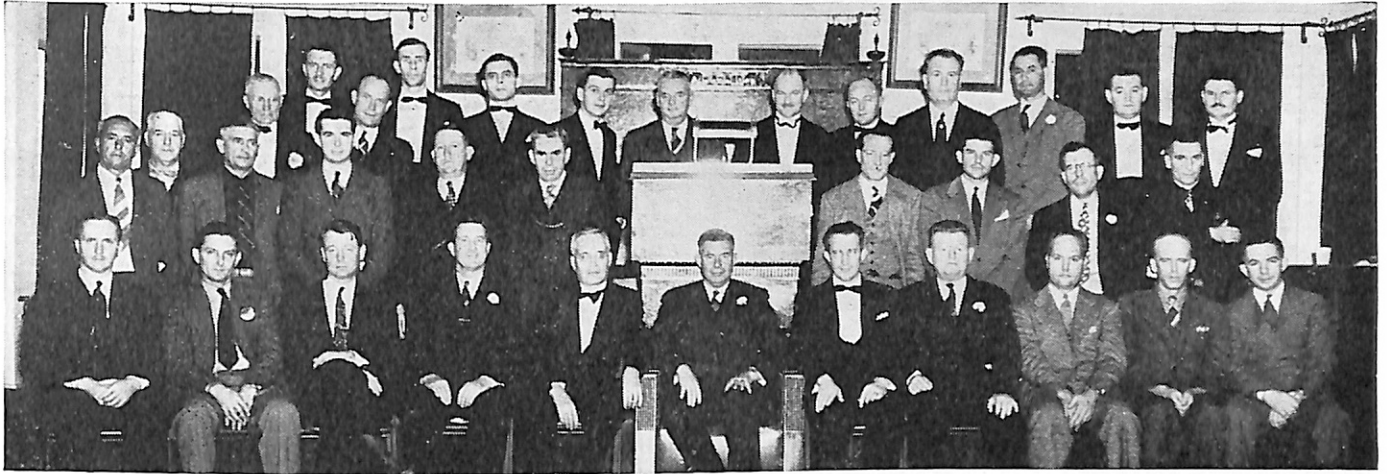
Fremont, O., Lodge Observes Its Fiftieth Anniversary

Fremont, O., Lodge, No. 169, instituted on June 6, 1890, elected to celebrate its 50th anniversary during the first week of the last month of its Golden Jubilee year. The observance began with the official visit of D.D. Harry Kahn of Wapakoneta Lodge and the initiation of a large class of candidates. At the meeting special recognition was given the two charter members attending, F. J. Schmidt of Cleveland, O., and Barney Joseph, Fremont, and also P.E.R. John B. Stahl who was serving a second term as Exalted Ruler when the mortgage on the home of Fremont Lodge was burned in 1920. Mr. Stahl was accompanied by his sons, Thomas B. and Henry G. Stahl, both of whom are Past Exalted Rulers. The second

Left, center: D.D. Roderick M. McDuffie of Georgia presents a dispensation to E.R. Hoke Barron of the new Buckhead, Ga., Lodge, No. 1635, in the presence of Judge John S. McClelland, who is a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler.

Left: Russell Stein of Warren, Ohio, presents a trophy to the co-captains of the Warren High School football team on behalf of the local Lodge.





event was a dinner-dance and card party attended by 170 couples. More than 50 tables of bridge and pinochle were occupied by the players.

"Open House" was held on the following Saturday. A buffet luncheon was served throughout the day during which 215 members registered. A stag party in the evening was featured by the presentation of several acts of high-class entertainment.

Distinguished Pennsylvania Elks Attend Dinner-Meeting at Berwick

Berwick, Pa., Lodge, No. 1138, is enjoying great prosperity. A class of 83 candidates was inducted recently; three were reinstatements. The degree work was performed by members of the Degree Team from Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, headed by E.R. Arnold S. Dimm, and assisted by their fine choir of twenty-five trained voices. Senior P.E.R. Dr. E. L. Davis, Past Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn., presided at the lodge meeting and P.E.R. Frank D. Croop addressed the candidates. More than 450 Elks, including visitors from Hazleton, Milton, Pittston, Sunbury, Danville, Bloomsburg, Lehigh, Shenandoah and Wilkes-Barre Lodges, were

A class of candidates initiated by Tucson, Ariz., Lodge. Among the candidates was U. S. Senator-elect E. W. McFarland. D.D. R. N. Campbell was present.

present to assist in the celebration of the opening of the \$35,000 addition to the Berwick Lodge home.

D.D. Wilson E. McDade, of Kane Lodge, made his official visit that evening. Among the speakers were Past State Pres.'s Grover C. Shoemaker, Bloomsburg, Scott E. Drum, Hazleton, and Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; State Vice-Pres. Wilbur G. Warner, Lehigh, and State Inner Guard J. G. Thumm, Shen-

andoah. Col. A. E. Schoonmaker of Berwick Lodge, who served on Gen. John J. Pershing's staff in France during the World War, attended. A roast beef dinner was served before the meeting.

Elks of Baker, Ore., Boost Local Air Field Extension

Baker, Ore., Lodge, No. 338, started the campaign for funds with which to purchase land for extension of the Baker airport, an army project, by contributing, without solicitation, the sum of \$1,000. This generous gesture, an example of the lodge's desire to do its part in national defense work, was generally acclaimed.



Right are two members of Spokane, Wash., Lodge shown with bundles of old clothing which were turned over to the "Bundles for Britain" organization in that city.

Below are officials of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge and the St. John's Band who were present at Brooklyn Lodge's Orphans' Field Day at Ebbets Field.

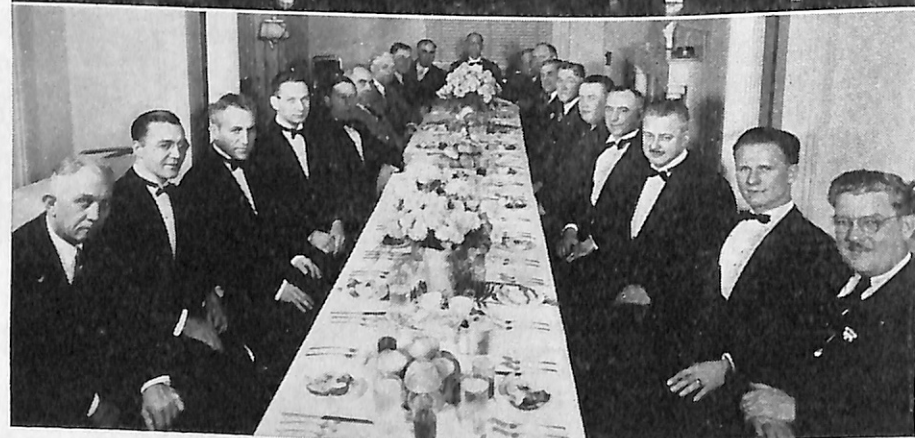
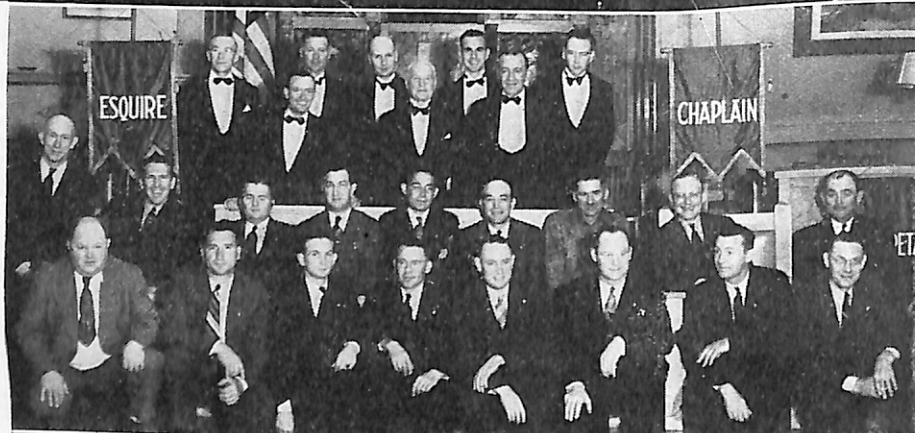




Above is a class of candidates initiated into Williamsport, Pa., Lodge in honor of the Lodge's 50th Anniversary. Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch was present, as were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Assistant Grand Secretary F. J. Schrader.

Right is a class of candidates recently initiated into Prescott, Ariz., Lodge.

Lower right are distinguished Elks of the Pennsylvania Northwest District who were present at Ambridge, Pa., Lodge when D.D. Ward M. Knoblow paid his official visit.



A check, representing the full amount of the gift, was presented by A. B. Sterns, Secretary of Baker Lodge, to Fred H. Moes, President of the Baker County Chamber of Commerce.

Washington, Mo., Lodge Is Host At Southeast District Meeting

The Southeast District Meeting of the Missouri State Elks Association, largely attended, was held at the home of Washington, Mo., Lodge, No. 1559, on Sunday, December 15. All the lodges in the district were represented with one exception; bad weather prevented the members of Louisiana Lodge No. 791 from making the trip.

One of the features of the meeting was the initiation of a class of eleven candidates by officers representing the lodges of the district. P.E.R. Eugene M. Guise, St. Louis, acted as Exalted Ruler. Interesting talks were made by P.E.R. Joseph H. Glauber, St. Louis, a former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; D.D. Oliver F. Ash, Jr., St. Louis; Past State Pres.'s E. J. Martt, St. Louis, and J. H. Dickbrader, Washington; E.R. Herbert B. G. Maune, Washington; P.E.R. Walter C. Guels, St. Louis, and the members of the ritualistic team. State Vice-Pres. Ernest W. Baker, of Washington Lodge, presided at the meeting. One of the candidates initiated, the Rev. Father Hildner, was spokesman for the Class.

The ladies were entertained at bridge while the lodge meeting was in progress. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing and a delicious luncheon was served.

Mortgage Burning a Prime Event At Rock Island, Ill., Lodge

On December 5, Rock Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 980, celebrated the burning

of the mortgage on its home with a banquet. Three hundred members and their friends enjoyed the festivities. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., delivered the main address. Gov. Harold Stassen of Minnesota, a member of St. Paul Lodge, was present and made a short talk.

A recent event of moment to Rock Island Lodge was the initiation of a class of 25 members; another was the visit of Fulton Lewis, Jr., celebrated Washington news commentator.

Distinguished Elks Visit El Reno, Oklahoma, Lodge

El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743, was honored recently by the official visit of D.D. Dr. J. E. Kalb of Altus Lodge, and the visits, on the same evening, of Past Grand Esquire George M. McLean, El Reno, and State Commander Randell Cobb of the American Legion. Commander Cobb made a patriotic speech at a dinner given in the lodge home for the

members and their wives prior to the meeting.

A class of candidates was initiated for the District Deputy. About 100 El Reno members were present.

Bristow, Okla., Lodge Honors Gov. Leon C. Phillips, P.E.R.

On December 9, the youngest lodge in Oklahoma, Bristow No. 1614, held its third birthday party and also honored its distinguished member and Past Exalted Ruler, Governor Leon C. Phillips who was celebrating his 50th anniversary. About 250 attended the informal banquet. Attorney General Mac Q. Williamson presided as Toastmaster and short speeches were made by Past Grand Esquire George M. McLean of El Reno Lodge, D.D. R. K. Robertson, Sapulpa, Past State Pres. James Battenberg, and P.E.R. Lawrence Jones, Bristow. Governor Phillips spoke on the Order of Elks.

The Bristow membership is popular



Above are officers of Vincennes, Ind., Lodge with a class they initiated recently in honor of the official visit of D.D. Jere O. Goodman.



Left are members of the Army Air Corps of Fort Douglas, Utah, who were guests of honor at Burley, Ida., Lodge recently. The visiting Army men are shown as they arrived in an Army bombing plane.

with Elks throughout the State and on the night of the birthday party many Exalted Rulers of the Oklahoma lodges and a number of Past State Presidents were present. Bristow Lodge carries on a great amount of civic work and a few months ago rented larger quarters for its lodge home.

State Vice-Pres. John J. Hayden Fêted by Elks at Beacon, N. Y.

A royal reception was accorded P.E.R. John J. Hayden, Vice-Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., on the occasion of his homecoming visit to Beacon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1493. Mr. Hayden's popularity in the East District spoke for itself; the lodge room was filled to capacity and large delegations were present from every lodge in the district

in addition to a splendid turnout of Beacon members.

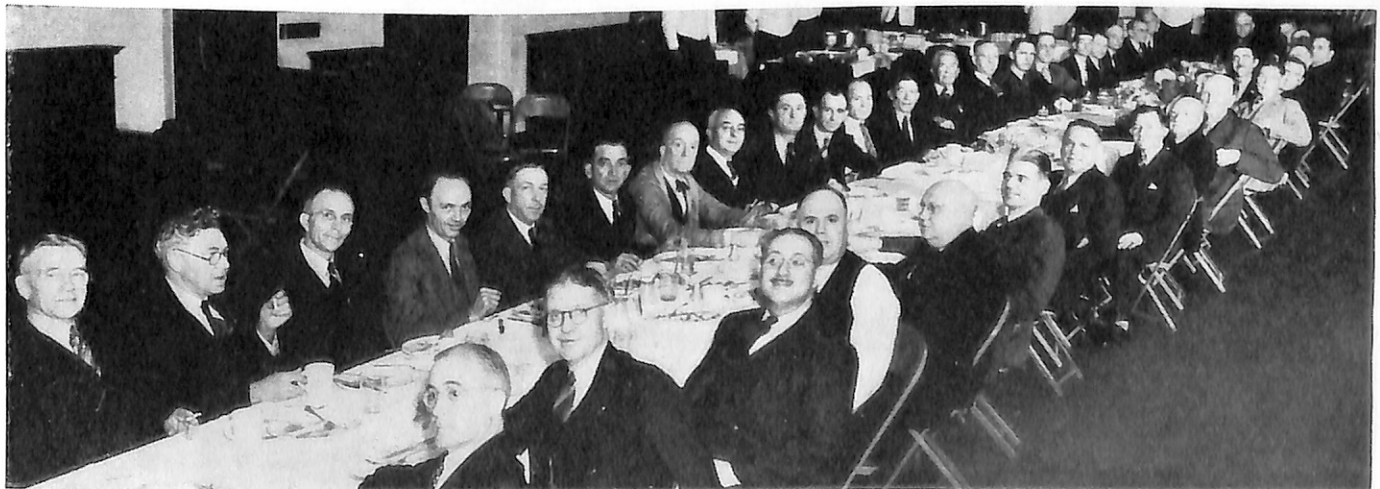
D.D. Michael J. Gilday, of New Rochelle Lodge, made his official visit on the same evening and was given a hearty welcome. The District Deputy expressed himself as being "particularly pleased" with the local lodge's excellent showing as recorded on the lodge books. Mr. Hayden delivered a message from the State Association. A large living room chair with ottoman to match and a radio for his car were received by the Vice-President as gifts from Beacon Lodge and the District Elks, the presentations being made by

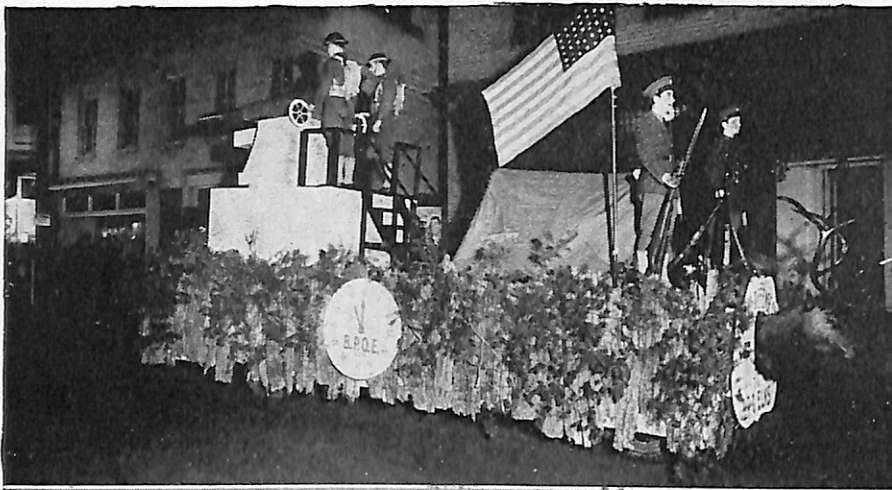
Below are Elks of Tulsa, Okla., who were present at a recent dinner given by the Lodge.

P.D.D. J. Gordon Flannery and P.E.R. H. L. A. Forrestal, Beacon. Mr. Hayden gave a pen and pencil set to Secy. Milton E. Polhill of Beacon Lodge for his assistance during visitations, this presentation being made by Samuel D. Affron, the lodge's first Exalted Ruler. E.R. Morris Alper delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast. A class of nine candidates was initiated by the Beacon officers during the meeting which was preceded by a roast beef supper and followed by a buffet luncheon.

Exalted Ruler of Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge Dies on Christmas Eve

At the age of 29 years, E.R. Jesse C. Davis, of Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, No. 299, died at Sheboygan on Christmas Eve after a brief illness. As the newly elected Exalted Ruler, Mr. Davis attended the Grand Lodge Convention at Houston, Texas, and the 1940 Convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Association at Green Bay at which he was instrumental in bringing the 1941 state convention to Sheboygan. Prior to his





Left is a float which was entered in the Alsatia Mummers Parade in Hagerstown, Md., not long ago by Hagerstown Lodge.



Above is the basketball team sponsored by Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge which is making a fine record for this season.

Below: Local officials and Elks of Globe, Ariz., when a \$1500 "Iron Lung" was presented to the county by the Lodge.



election as Exalted Ruler, Mr. Davis had held every chair office in the lodge.

A native of Galesburg, Ill., where he was graduated from Knox college, Mr. Davis entered the employ of the Household Finance corporation at Fond du Lac, Wis., and in 1933 became Sheboygan manager for that concern. Recently he resigned to work for the Business Service Bureau at Parkersburg, W. Va. He returned to Sheboygan for the holidays, intending to turn over his lodge duties to a successor, but was taken fatally ill soon after his arrival. The Sheboygan officers and the Rev. George B. McCreary of the First United Lutheran church conducted funeral services on December 27. Surviving Mr. Davis are his widow, a son and a daughter, his mother and a brother.

NOTICE

Complying with a request made by Wade H. Kepner, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, *The Elks Magazine* calls attention to the following notice:

"Supplies approved by the Grand Lodge are sold only through the office of the Grand Secretary. None others are authorized."

The request referred to was embodied in a motion introduced at a recent meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees, concurred in by Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, and passed unanimously.

Boston, Mass., Elks Report Success of 1940 Minstrels

The Minstrel Frolics of 1940, presented by Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, and the doctors, nurses and social workers of the Boston City Hospital on December 19-20-21, provided superb

Below are officers and members of Union City, N. J., Lodge who attended a dinner given in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan when he visited that Lodge recently.

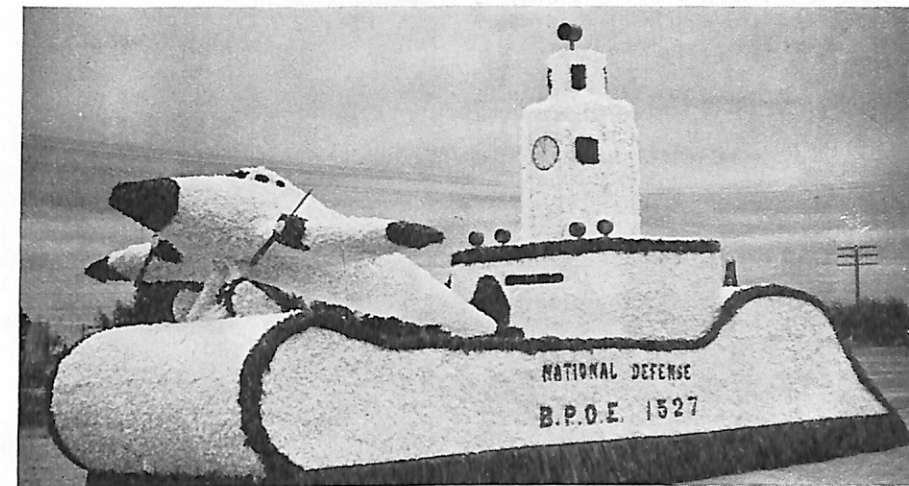
Right is the float that won first prize in the Patriotic and Fraternal Division of the float contest when Taft, Calif., observed its 30-year celebration.

entertainment for large audiences at all performances. The show was produced by P.E.R. Joseph A. Crossen.

The "Interlocutor's Entrance" featured three prominent Elks, Police Commissioner Joseph F. Timilty, Mayor Maurice J. Tobin and E.R. Francis E. Killen, who appeared singly on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings respectively. The production was sponsored by the Hospital and the Elks Charity Committee.

The Harry-Anna Home's "Little Colonel" Lives in Memory

Back in 1935, George Lux, of the Erie Lithograph and Printing Company, found in his mail a letter containing an unusual request. It was from the superintendent of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children, maintained and operated at Umatilla by the Elks of the State of Florida. Briefly, the superintendent explained, he had a young crippled boy in the hospital there who was crazy about circuses and "would the Erie Litho please send him a few old sample circus posters if there were any around?" Knowing boys and what a circus means to them, Mr. Lux not only complied with the request but went even further. He gathered up a fine supply of circus literature and had it bound and forwarded to the boy. A week or two later Mr. Lux received another letter. It was a "thank you" letter written by the boy, Linard Jones, nine years old,

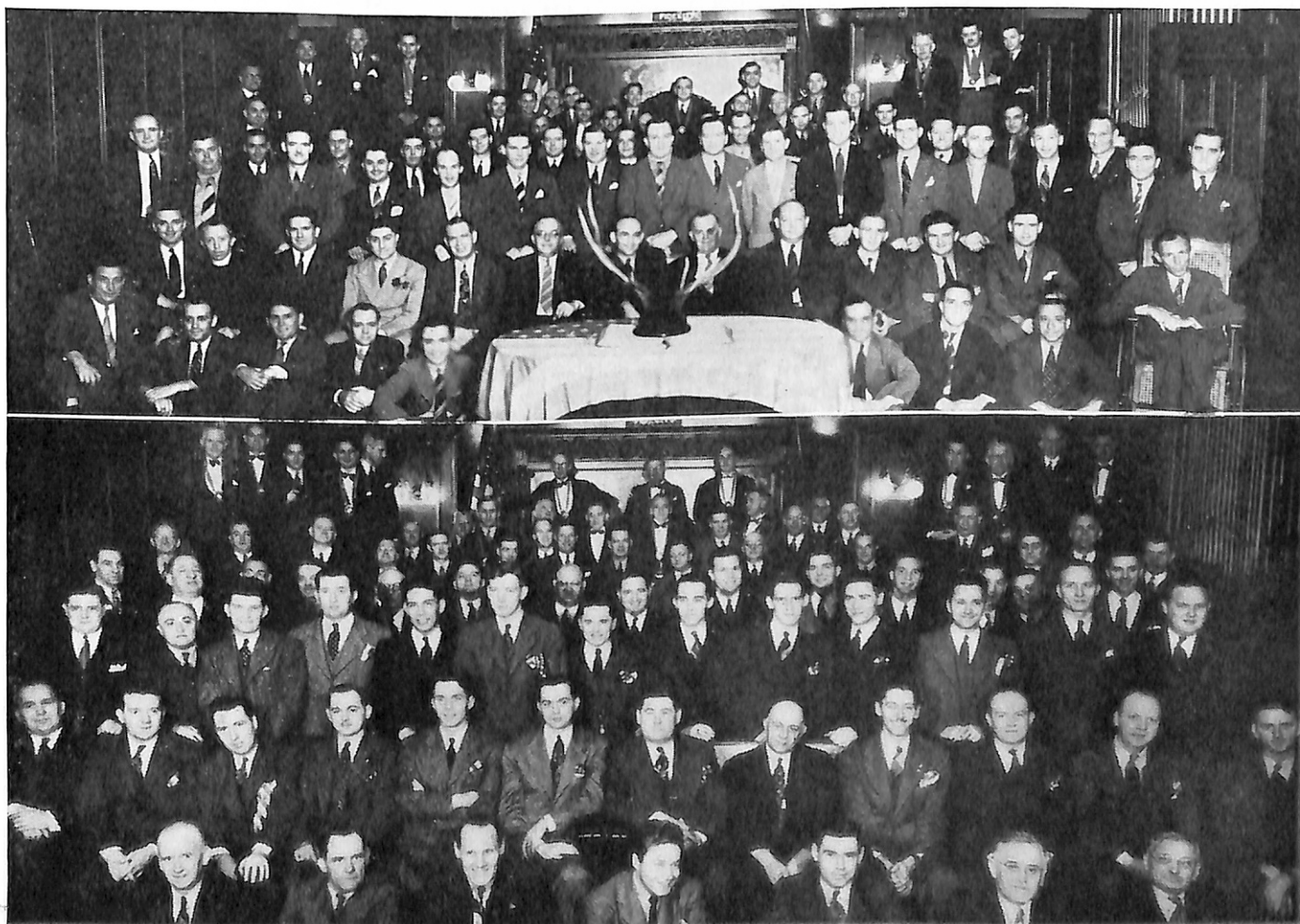


for whom the volume was intended.

In frequent communication with circus folks, Mr. Lux mentioned the boy once in a while and soon circuses, when anywhere near the little town where Linard lay a patient, would send an ambulance for him and he would spend the entire day with them. His fondness for circuses was known to every circus man and performer in the country. Soon he had assembled one of the finest scrapbooks any boy could possess. The Gov-

ernor of Kentucky made him a "Colonel" and from that time on he was known as "The Little Colonel". The lad died several years ago, mourned by hundreds of Elks and other friends all over the country and by every resident of the Harry-Anna Home. He bequeathed his scrapbook to Mr. Lux. Complying with a request made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, former Governor of Florida, Wilbur P. Baird, of Greenville, Pa., who was District Deputy at the time, went to Erie and presented the book to Mr. Lux. In a communication received by *The Elks Magazine* from Mr. Baird, it was learned that a monument, "erected by circus folks and fans", would shortly be placed at the grave of "The Little Colonel" who was buried at Umatilla not far

Below: Two classes of candidates which were initiated into Hoboken, N. J., Lodge at different times. The upper one was in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch and E.R. Daniel S. Kealey.



Right is a modern Maternity Delivery Table which was presented to the local hospital by McCook, Neb., Lodge.

from the Harry-Anna Home where he was so tenderly cared for during the years of his illness. He was afflicted with a form of spinal tuberculosis with which, due to certain complications, the best minds in the medical profession could not cope.

Grand Chaplain Dobbins Speaks at Initiatory Meeting at San Antonio

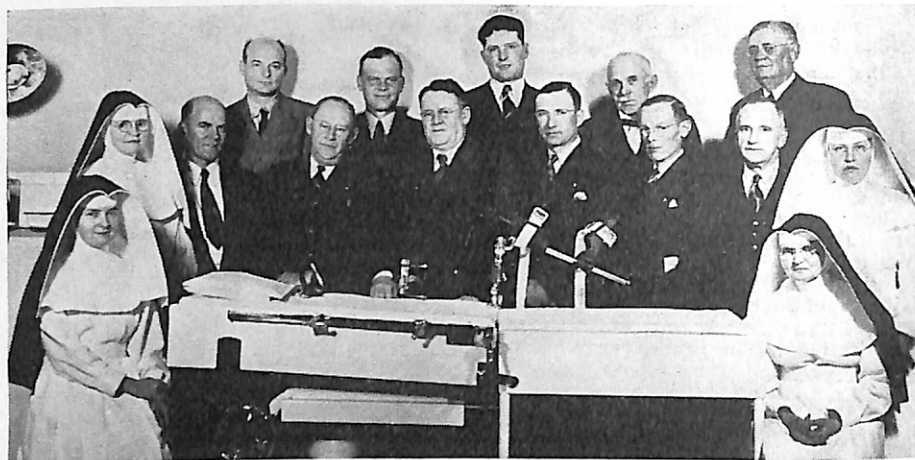
With Grand Chaplain Joseph B. Dobbins of Temple, Tex., Lodge, No. 138, as the principal guest speaker, San Antonio, Tex., Lodge, No. 216, initiated a class of 42 candidates on December 2. Alton C. Linne, of Seguin Lodge, and Bryan Blalock, Austin, District Deputies for Texas Southwest and Southeast respectively, were present. Both lodges were represented by visiting delegations.

The ritualistic work was impressively performed by the San Antonio officers headed by E.R. Davis M. White. Most of the members of the class are United States service men. Many are in the Army Air Corps at Kelly and Randolph Fields near San Antonio, while several are in other branches of the service at Fort Sam Houston.

Unusual Initiation Marks District Deputy Night at Marion, O., Lodge

D.D. Walter J. Mougey, accompanied by H. Delroy Franks and Miles Snyder, P.E.R.'s, and Ira Batdorf and Leroy E. Post, members, of Mr. Mougey's home lodge, Wooster, O., No. 1346, made his official visit to Marion, O., Lodge, No. 32, on November 28. Before the meeting, the District Deputy and his party were entertained at dinner at the Harding Hotel by the Marion officers.

Lodge convened at 8 p.m. The meeting was featured by an address delivered by Mr. Mougey and an impressive exemplification of the initiatory Ritual. By previous arrangement, only one candidate, James J. Feidner, son of E.R. Herman J. Feidner, Jr., was initiated. The Exalted Ruler had been ill, but so anxious was he to take part in the induction of his son into the lodge that, although still indisposed, he attended the meeting and participated in the ceremonies, being assisted by P.E.R. B. A. Pierre. The candidate's grandfather, Herman J. Feidner, Sr., acted as honorary assistant to the Esquire. Mr. Feidner, Sr., and his grandson were guests at the dinner given in honor of



Mr. Mougey. A social session with entertainment and a luncheon followed the meeting.

Above are distinguished Elks of Richmond, Va., Lodge with Representative Colgate W. Darden when he was present at an important meeting of the Lodge recently.

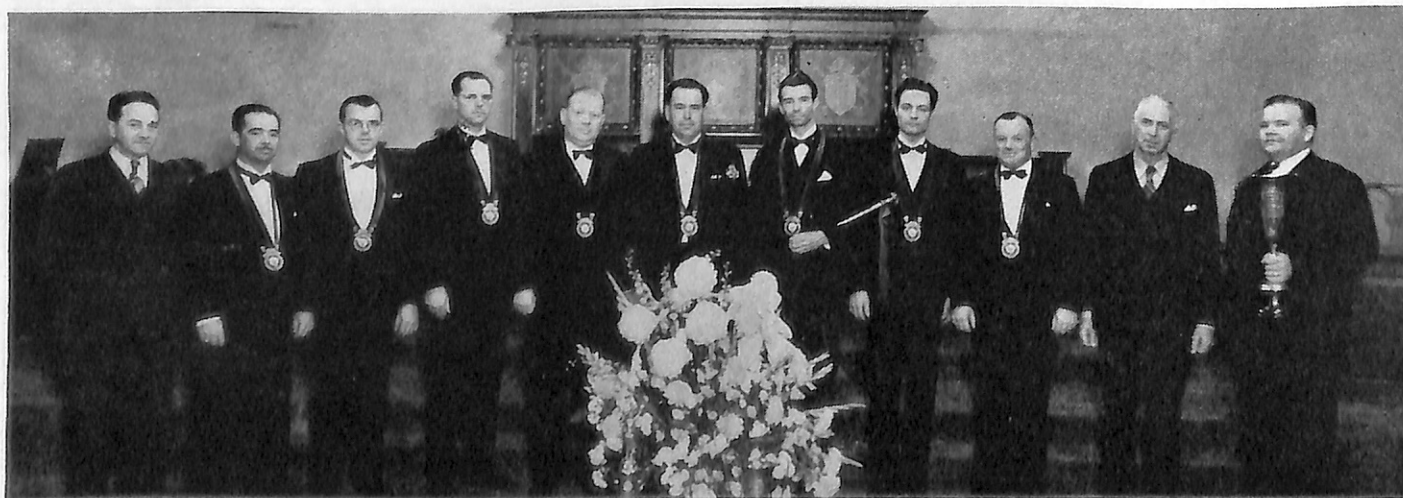
Variety Stimulates Activities of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge

In addition to the numerous outdoor activities on the year-round program of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352, special features are provided for at least one meeting a month by the Lodge Activities Committee. The "farewell and hurry back" party, given for the local unit of the Florida National Guard, was something new. Ninety-eight of the 110 members of the unit attended the party which was one of the most successful affairs given by

the lodge before the close of the year.

Under the leadership of E.R. Jack Blair, the lodge held numerous outstanding meetings and ceremonials, and initiated many candidates during the first half of the fiscal year. The second half got off to a good start. The lodge initiated its second largest class in a decade on December 4. The membership was also increased by the admission of three transferred and four re-instated Elks. Two splendid addresses were delivered during the evening. L. M. Lennard, who was the Exalted Ruler on the West Palm Beach national ritualistic championship team of 1936, spoke on citizenship responsibility and

Below is the Ritualistic Team of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge which recently won the California State Championship.





Above are Elks and their ladies from Orange, Calif., Lodge who attended a "Ladies Night" dinner and vaudeville performance.



Left: Members of Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, shown congratulating Secretary Ernst Von Bargen at a testimonial dinner given in his honor.

Americanism. Past State Pres. J. Edwin Baker, P.E.R. of the local lodge and Superintendent of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla sponsored by the Florida State Elks Association, told of the work being conducted at the Home for crippled children of the State.

Elks Manual Arts Exhibit Is Held at Atlanta, Georgia

Under the supervision of the Charities Committee of the Georgia State Elks Association, the Elks First Annual Manual Arts Exhibit and Hobby Show was held in Atlanta, opening on November 24 and continuing for an entire week. The event was novel and successful financially. At a banquet in the home of Atlanta Lodge No. 78 on December 9, ribbons were presented to the schools placing first, second and third in their senior high, junior high and grammar school classes for the best exhibits. The winners were as follows: 1st prize, Tech High School, Mad-

dox Junior High School, Lula Kingsberry Grammar School; 2nd prize, Opportunity High School, O'Keefe Junior High School, James L. Key Grammar School; 3rd prize, Girls High School, Joe E. Brown Junior High School, Laura Haygood Grammar School. The show was held in a building donated for the purpose by a member of No. 78, Samuel Rothberg. Students in the various schools had made thousands of articles which were placed on view and donated for sale, the proceeds to go into a fund for the purchase of a Crippled Children's Convalescent Home, badly needed in the district. The charge was negligible—ten cents for a single admission.

Each school had an Elk sponsor who, with his wife, visited the school at least once a week, inspiring the students and helping them with their handiwork. During the week of the exhibition, concerts were given by the various school bands from two o'clock in the afternoon until 10 p.m., closing time. Floor shows were presented through the courtesy of

dancing school teachers. The transportation company extended the five-cent school fare to include all days of the week up to eight o'clock in the evening. Fire extinguishers were furnished by the Fire Department and circulating heaters were installed by the Gas Company. The Fifth District Charities Committee, which sponsored the Exhibit, is composed of three members from each of the four lodges in the District, Decatur, East Point, Buckhead and Atlanta. J. Hugh Rogers, of Decatur Lodge, acted as Chairman.

Longview, Wash., Lodge Holds Seventh Annual Gridiron Dinner

Longview, Wash., Lodge, No. 1514, held its Seventh Annual Gridiron Dinner on December 7 in honor of the Longview High School football team, the "Lumberjacks". Members of the team and the coaching staff were introduced to the crowd which completely filled the dining space.

With P.E.R. Carl L. George acting as Toastmaster, the program rolled along in snappy fashion. There were no delays, and the entire affair was over soon after 9 p.m. C. A. Gauthier, a doughty warrior on the football field, graciously accepted from P.E.R. R. M. Anderson the reserves trophy awarded annually to the most inspirational second team performer on the Lumberjack team. The presentation and the talk made by Coach Dorsett (Tubby) Graves, of the University of Washington, were the highlight events of an entertaining evening. The program also included a welcome by E.R. Joseph Fotheringill, a response by Jim King on behalf of the student body, a few words by Mayor C. C. Tibbetts, short talks by Coach Claude Jones and Stan



Left are distinguished Oklahoma Elks who were present at El Reno Lodge when D.D. J. E. Kalb paid his official visit. Among those shown are Dr. Kalb, State Commander Randell Cobb of the American Legion and Past Grand Esquire George M. McLean.



Grieb, music by Red Geiger's orchestra and the Kelso Elks Quartet, and the presentation of *Daily News* certificates by Sports Editor Gordon M. Quarnstrom. F. N. Siegmund was Chairman of the Dinner Committee.

San Diego, Calif., Elks Sponsor Annual Charity Football Game

The Eleventh Annual Football Game, by which San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, secures its funds for charity, was played in Balboa Stadium on the night of December 5 between the U. S. Marines and the College of the Pacific squads. Approximately 12,000 persons attended. The opening ceremonies and the half-time show were participated in

Above is a class of candidates which was recently initiated into Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge when D.D. Paul H. Caldwell made his official visit.

by the U. S. Marine Band, Bonham Brothers Boys' Band, the Merkley-Austin Musical Maids, the Horace Mann Junior High School Band, the girls' drill teams of the San Diego and Hoover High Schools, and the Elks Patrol, and centered around the general theme of "Americanism". A highlight of the show was the formation of a clock, striking the significant hour of eleven, by the Bonham Brothers Boys' Band. All of the musicians had small purple and white flashlights attached to their

caps and in complete darkness they formed the clock and the "hour hand" struck each hour until eleven was reached. The band's formation of "U.S.A.", also in darkness, was met with a round of enthusiastic applause.

Robert S. Redington of Los Angeles Lodge, Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn., kicked off the first ball. Carl J. Hase of Ontario Lodge, D.D. for Calif., South, delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast. Est. Lect. Knight William Brunson served as General Chairman for the fifth consecutive year. San Diego Lodge is using to advantage a unique idea originated by Mr. Brunson. The lodge, host to hundreds of visiting Elks each year, has placed welcome signs on the highways leading into the city from the East and North, giving the time and place of meetings.



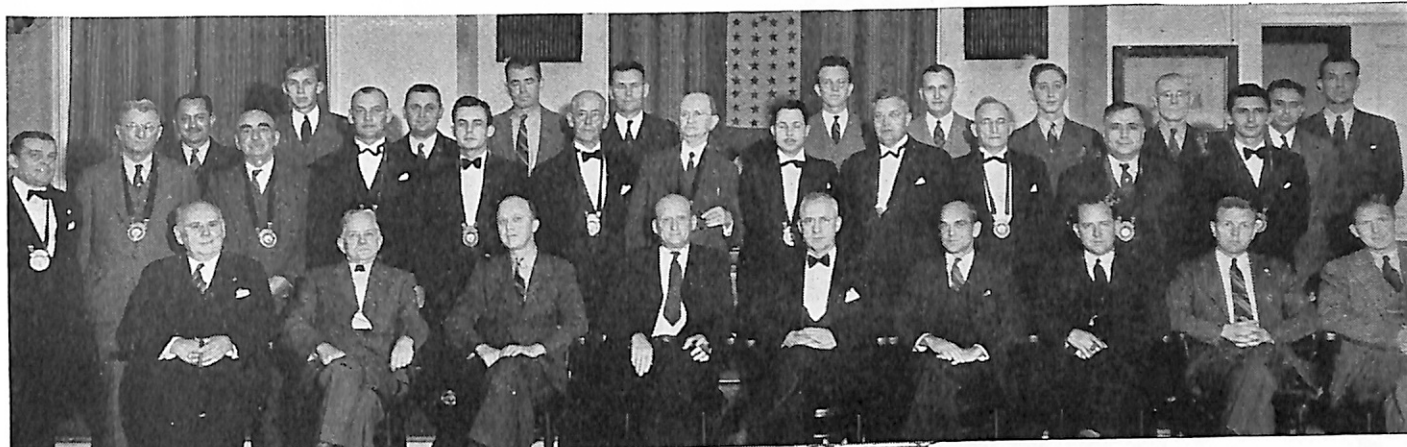
An Antlers Lodge Is Instituted[®] At Connellsville, Pennsylvania

Connellsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 503, instituted its new Antlers organization last November with appropriate ceremonies performed by members of the lodge with J. C. Dixon, Chairman of the

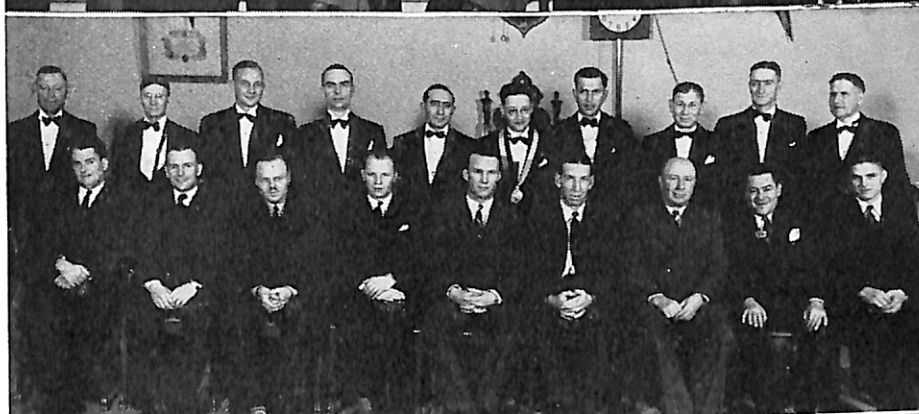
Left are several distinguished members of Bristow, Okla., Lodge, photographed during a recent meeting celebrating the Lodge's third birthday party. Among those shown are D.D. Ralph K. Robertson, Governor Leon C. Phillips and Past Grand Esquire George M. McLean of El Reno, Okla.

Below and on opposite page is a Clambake and All-Sports Day which was celebrated by White Plains, N. Y., Lodge.





Above is a class of candidates and officers of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge. The class was initiated in honor of the official visit of D.D. C. G. Campbell.



Left is a class of candidates recently initiated into Deadwood, S. D., Lodge. Many members were present to witness the induction. Shown standing behind them are Deadwood Lodge's officers.



Above is a class of candidates which recently was inducted into Raleigh, N. C., Lodge. Among those in the class were Governor-Elect J. M. Broughton who has since taken office. The initiation ceremony was conducted by the P.E.R.'s of New Berne, N. C., Lodge. More than 40 members of that Lodge visited Raleigh Lodge to be present on the occasion.

Antlers Advisory Committee, acting as Exalted Antler. Fifty-six local Elks, including nine fathers of members of the Antlers Charter Member Class, were present.

Talks, inspiring to the newly initiated young men, were made by D.D. James E. Bates of Scottdale Lodge, Wade K. Newell, Uniontown, Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn., and Judge Ross S. Matthews of the Fayette County Orphans Court. The institution formalities were followed by a reception to which the Antlers' mothers were invited.

Olean, N. Y., Lodge Initiates Its Largest Class Since 1919

A class of 39 selected candidates, the largest initiated by Olean, N. Y., Lodge, No. 491, since 1919, was inducted into the lodge on December 8. E.R. Fred B. Page, Jr., was in charge of the ceremonies.

J. Theodore Moses, of North Tonawanda Lodge, Pres. of the N.Y. State Elks Assn., accompanied by P.E.R. Erwin E. Hamann acting as his official escort, addressed the meeting and welcomed the new Elks into the Order. Luncheon was served in the lodge home beginning at noon. A turkey dinner climaxed a strenuous day of activity, with more than 300 officers and members participating in a specially prepared program.

Coastal Elks Initiate Class At Biloxi, Miss., Lodge

At an inter-city meeting held at Biloxi, Miss., Lodge, No. 606, a class of candidates was initiated by the Degree Team of Gulfport, Miss., Lodge, No. 978. Both lodges were represented in the class. A large turnout of local members and many visiting Elks from all parts of the Mississippi coast, including a delegation from Pascagoula Lodge headed by E.R. A. F. Megehee, witnessed the ceremonies. Acting Exalted Ruler Clyde Campbell presided at the meeting which was followed by a chicken-spaghetti supper.

(Continued on page 55)





GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

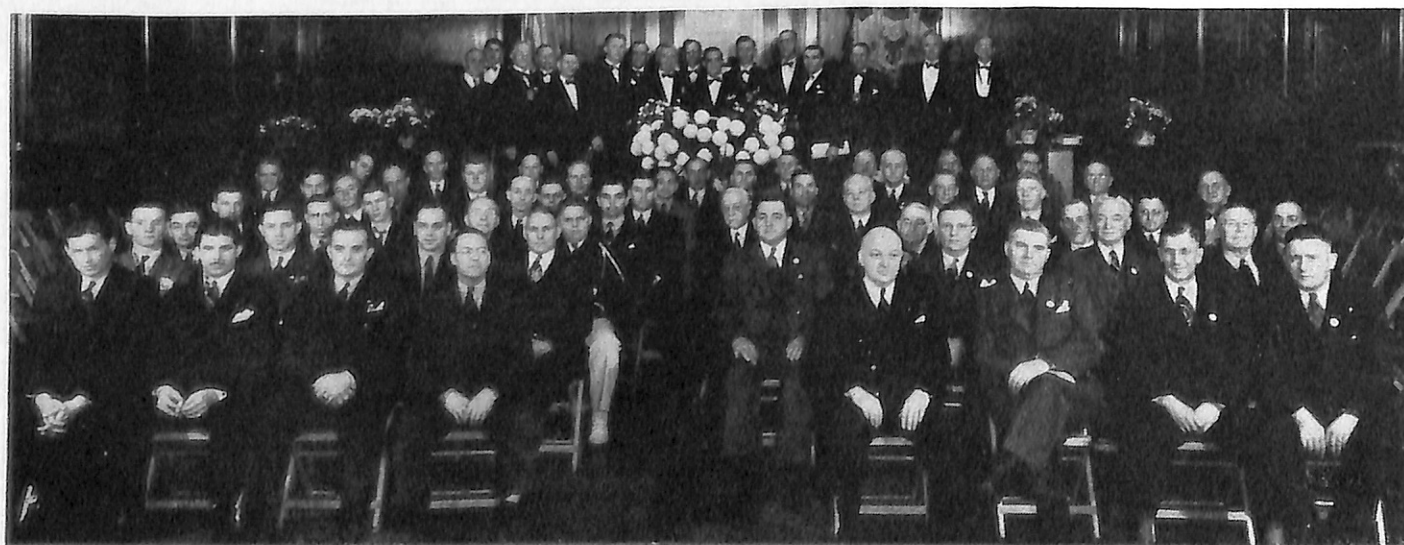
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, entertained Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch on Wednesday, November 20. E.R. Frank Ballou presided at a banquet at which were present three of the four charter members of the lodge, namely, Vanderbilt Voorhees, Louis Voorhees and Harry Solomon. In addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler, the speakers were the

Rt. Rev. Monsignor William A. Gillfillan, of Phillipsburg, a member of the lodge; Colonel William H. Kelly, of East Orange Lodge, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and Richard F. Flood, Jr., Bayonne, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Association. At the conclusion of his address, the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a bathrobe and slippers.

Above are distinguished members of the Order who were present when Grand Exalted Ruler Buch visited Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge. Shown with Mr. Buch are Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Past Grand Exalted Rulers John R. Coen and John F. Malley, and William Frasor.

On November 22 Mr. Buch visited Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, where a conference of Exalted Rulers, Esteemed Leading Knights and Secretaries of many lodges in the jurisdiction was held. A banquet was given in his honor at 6:30 and a class of 55 candidates was initiated. The Grand Exalted Ruler was the speaker. At the end of the dinner, the lodge presented him with additional pieces of Lenox china.

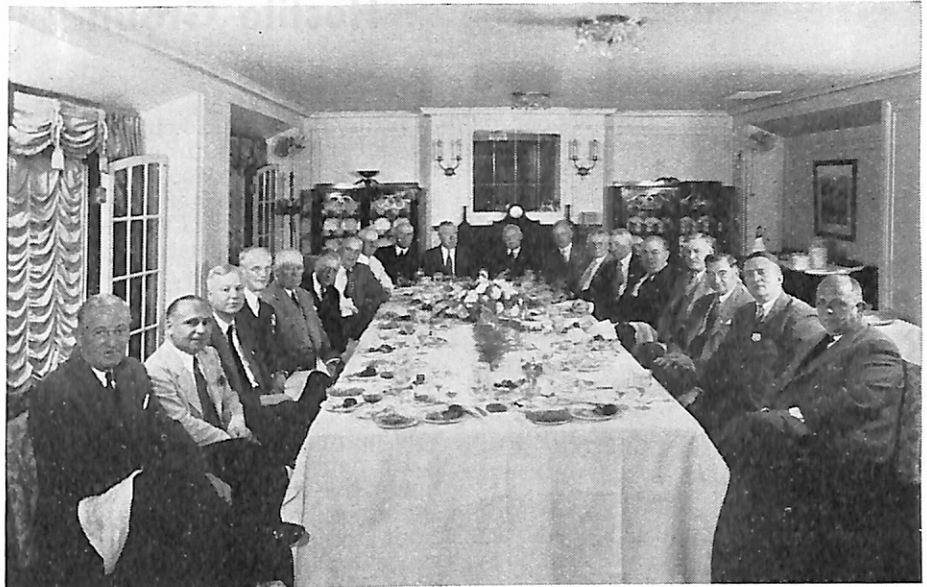
Below are the officers of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge and the class of candidates initiated in honor of Secy. C. W. Wallace.



Right are prominent Elks who were present at the Past Presidents' banquet of the Penna. State Elks Assn. held at Washington, Pa., Lodge. Among those present were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener and J. Edgar Masters; Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch; Assistant Grand Secretary F. J. Schrader; Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle, and Past State Pres. Scott E. Drum.

En route he stopped at Berwick, Pa., where he was met by P.E.R. Frank D. Croop. Berwick Lodge No. 1138 was remodeling its home at the time, installing new bowling alleys and enlarging its lodge room at a cost of about \$30,000. At Bloomsburg, Pa., Mr. Buch was met by the officers of Bloomsburg Lodge No. 436 and a large reception committee including Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi, Pa. Lodge, Howard R. Davis of Williamsport, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, F. J. Schrader of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, Past Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn., and Col. Kelly. The party made an inspection of the handsome home of the lodge, formerly an old mansion. Acting for E.R. Charles N. Cox who was unable to be present, Est. Lead. Knight Dr. N. F. Davis presented Grand Exalted Ruler Buch with a fine pen and pencil set. Leaving Williamsport on the morning of November the 23rd, after having been entertained at breakfast by Past State Pres. Max L. Lindheimer, the Grand Exalted Ruler proceeded to Hazleton, Pa., where they were luncheon guests of Past State Pres. Scott E. Drum, P.E.R., and the officers and other members of Hazleton Lodge No. 200.

That same evening Mr. Buch was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075. Former Governor Harold G. Hoffman, a member of Perth Amboy, N. J., Lodge, was Toastmaster. The affair was attended by about 200. The Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed by Mayor John E. Barger. E.R. Eugene F. Kenna, State Pres. Richard F. Flood, Jr., Bayonne, State Vice-Pres. Martin F. Gettings, and D.D. Frederick I. Pelovitz, Somerville, were speakers. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered the principal address. John J. Hoffman was Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.



Above are officers and prominent Elks of Hazleton, Pa., Lodge who were present at a dinner given in honor of Mr. Buch when he visited there.

Below is a photograph of those who attended a dinner to Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch tendered by the members of Rahway, N. J., Lodge late last Fall.



Hostile Ground

(Continued from page 7)

to come. The word that sooner or later had to be spoken. The debt laid up by others in blood and hate, to be paid by us. He said, "You wish me to go?"

Emily Bufort said, "No, but I think you must." She drew a long breath. "Huger Mesro was here yesterday. My cousin from Bolton Plantation. He says that the agreement with the bank can be broken. That you can be sent away, and the plantation run and the profits taken by me or by—by someone of my own choosing."

"I see," Chaney said.

He had seen Huger Mesro before, but never spoken to him, since Mesro had not chosen to speak. He knew that Mesro was one of the bitterest irreconcilables—a man for whom the South's defeat was a never-healing wound. He knew too that Mesro had been paying court to Emily Bufort for a long time. There were reasons and to spare why Mesro should want to drive Chaney away. And if he had been coming to the plantation—Chaney understood now the "sickness" of the field-hands, the sullen fear that was wrecking his work. With no effort to keep the bitterness out of his voice Chaney said, "Your cousin is a fool. The agreement can't be broken. The bank will win in the courts, and you'll only have someone else in my place."

Emily Bufort looked down at her hands. There was real pain in her voice.

"I think I must tell you everything. Huger said that the South's time of defeat is over. He said that all over the South—the carpetbaggers are being run out."

Chaney said quietly, "You don't think of me as a carpetbagger."

The girl looked at him quickly saying, "Of course not. But I can't govern the thoughts of others."

Chaney nodded, his mind going around the hard fact, feeling the jagged bitterness. The hate that had followed him, unseen, unspoken. That would follow him as long as he stayed. He said slowly, "The last thing in the world I want is to make trouble for you. But I think you understand why I can't go now. The cotton is only half in. Until we've made the crop, my duty is to stay here."

Emily Bufort said, "But you don't understand. Huger is getting men together. You'll be in danger."

Chaney said, "There's always been that danger. Tell your cousin that when the cotton is in, I'll go. Not because I'm afraid of him, but because I don't want to be an embarrassment to you."

Emily Bufort said swiftly, "There's no embarrassment. I don't want you to be hurt just for—for—" She paused a moment, her eyes on Chaney's. "For what? I've never quite understood why you came here. Or why you stayed."

Chaney shrugged.

"I came to make a living. I had nothing when the War was over. There were a lot of us like that. Young men. Graduates of killing and nothing else. I came because there was nothing else I could find to do."

He paused, and heard behind him again the whisper of the wind-moving vines. Almost as quietly as that faint sound he said, "I stayed because I thought I might do a little good. I thought I might do a cruel job a little less cruelly than someone else. I wanted to help you."

The thought so long unspoken, now uselessly in words. Emily Bufort turned her head away. Chaney could see the swift, hard lift of her breast against the simple blue cloth of her dress. And hear the quickly indrawn breath. She said, "I wish. . ."

Chaney said, "I wish it too."

ALMOST unconsciously his hand dropped down to the table, resting lightly beside the picture of the boy in the colonel's uniform. The boy four years dead. Emily Bufort saw both the gesture and the unconscious thought. She said, "It's not that. You must understand it's not that. We were engaged in those days when the boys went off. It was just a part of leave-taking, like making clothes for them to take away. Good clothes to keep them warm." She paused a moment. "It was a deep sorrow when he died. But, for that matter, the whole war was a sorrow. It's not that."

Chaney said, "What, then?"

She dropped her hand from the back of the sofa, a small, weary gesture.

"It's the living," she said. "The living bitterness and the living hate."

Very carefully, Chaney said, "We could live for each other. There's no bitterness between us."

She looked at him.

"When my father was dying, I promised him that I'd always live here. That I'd marry and live here, so the plantation would have an heir of his blood, if not his name. But it's not even that. I know that the dead wish can never bind the living need. But if it were you—" the words worked painfully in the smooth column of her throat—"if it were you, there'd never be any end of the humiliation and the hurt. Everyone here has lost so much. They'd hate you. I couldn't stand that." She paused a moment, and then said quietly, "And if we went away among your people? People whose sons died at Antietam, or in Andersonville Prison. You know how they'd feel about me. Could you stand it any better for me?"

"No," Chaney said. "No. I suppose I couldn't stand that."

"Then you understand why I ask you to go away."

"I understand," Chaney said. "When the cotton's in, I'll see what can be done about getting another man for the place."

Emily Bufort said soberly, "For your sake, I hope that won't be too late."

"It's already too late," Chaney said, "for anything like that to matter much."

She was walking beside him toward the door, and for a moment her hand rested lightly on his arm. A caress, almost, and almost a farewell.

On the verandah, Chaney stopped and looked at her. The words in his throat were suddenly hot and savage.

"This is none of our doing. None of it! Why should we—"

But she was looking past him to the drive. Chaney turned and saw the horseman riding up beneath the arching oaks. They both watched silently as Huger Mesro dismounted, fastened his horse, and came up the steps. A dark, slender man with a high-bridged nose over a sullen mouth. He gave no hint of knowing that Chaney was there. Emily Bufort said steadily, "Huger, I don't think you've been introduced to Captain Chaney."

Huger Mesro looked at Chaney for one hard, edged



"Junior! Are you watering mother's plants like I told you?"

moment. He said, "It's a pleasure I've managed to escape till now."

Red flushed upward in Chaney's face, but he bowed politely. To Emily Bufort he said, "I appreciate your advice ma'am. I'll see what I can do."

She looked at him, nodding quietly, and the shadow at the back of her eyes had grown deeper than life itself. Chaney turned quickly and went down the steps.

Chaney rode slowly back to the cotton field. At the back of his mind, anger was a steady, throbbing ache. When he came to the edge of the field, he stopped, and the anger deepened as he stared. He had expected this, but not quite so soon.

The work had stopped entirely. More than half the Negroes had gone, frightened off into the woods and swamps. Those that remained were gathered into little groups, talking, then breaking off their talk to glance anxiously over their shoulders, shifting uneasily in slowly changing patterns of fear. When they saw Chaney at the edge of the field, they became very still, watching him, and waiting. They were afraid of him, but they were more afraid of something else.

THE anger in Chaney hardened suddenly to bitter determination. Whatever else happened, the cotton had to be picked. The trust and understanding that had grown between him and these people would fray out in terror and hate—but that was a thing already done, and not by him. The crop must be made, the money laid by that would keep the plantation in Emily Bufort's hands. No one could stop that. Chaney touched hard heels to the sorrel's flanks.

Joe Bulver was in one of the nearer groups. Chaney rode toward him, the tall cotton brushing his horse's shoulders, catching gently at the stirrup irons. Joe waited for him, turned away a little, his head down, his shoulders braced as if to take a blow. Chaney reined the sorrel in, and spoke sharply.

"Joe!"

The man turned to him a little, but his head was still down. Chaney said, "Has Mr. Mesro been here?"

Joe shook his head sullenly.

"Ain't nobody been here."

Chaney said quietly, "Don't bother to lie about it. Did he frighten the people? Threaten them?"

Joe Bulver said nothing. Chaney slipped his hand inside his coat. His voice cracked harsh and whiplike across the man's bowed shoulders.

"Joe! Look at me!"

Joe lifted his head slowly. The pistol in Chaney's hand rested easily on the pommel, pointing at nothing. But the chilled blue steel of the long barrel was a direct and deadly threat. Joe Bulver's eyes, like the eyes of every picker in the field, were on the long barrel; each taking its cold, final promise for himself alone. Chaney said harshly, "The cotton is going to be picked. No matter what Mr. Mesro or anyone else says to

you, the cotton is going to be picked. Do you understand?"

For a long time, Joe Bulver stood motionless, staring at the leashed death in Chaney's hand. Then he bent slowly and picked up his sack. Others followed. The line formed again. The black fingers, fear-driven and stiff with hate, began to strip the bolls.

Chaney rode slowly back and forth along the line, his face rigid with bitterness. When a picker strayed too close to the sheltering pines at the field, Chaney drove him back. He could take no chance of having his workers melt off into the covering scrub. The work went quickly, with the miserable quickness of fear. And there was no singing.

WHEN the sun was down on the tops of the western pines, Chaney called Joe to him. He said, "Send one of the women to the quarters for food. We'll eat and sleep in the field."

Joe looked at the pistol in Chaney's hand, his face expressionless. Chaney said, "Make it someone you can trust. If she doesn't come back, we won't eat, but we'll stay anyway."

Joe nodded and turned away.

When night fell, Chaney had a fire built in the middle of the field. The Negroes gathered around it in silence, eating the cold food brought to them from the quarters, settling down, sullen and passive, for the night. Chaney stayed back a little from the flickering circle of firelight, watching to see that none of the dark, restless figures slipped off into the night. In an hour or two there would be a quarter moon. A little more light. Enough to make his task possible.

And in three days—two, perhaps, if the cold spur of his pistol held its potency—the cotton would be in. Safely sacked and ready for cleaning. The white gold that would make the plantation secure for at least another year. He could go then. And afterwards—but his mind would not go beyond that moment.

The pines in the east were showing forth a little against the rising moon. A small, chilly mist was rising from the ground, and Chaney put his arm across the sorrel's saddle, taking the weight from the old, aching wound in his foot. He saw Joe Bulver, a squat, black figure standing against the smoke-red firelight. Chaney saw that the man was tense, his head turned toward the dark pines where the road came up from the landing. Instantly Chaney was rigid in turn, his ears straining at the dark.

A small sound. A faint thud, twice repeated, that could have been a hoof-beat. But the sound died in the dark. Joe Bulver sank down before the fire, and Chaney relaxed.

The moon was almost in the pine tops. The fire was dying down, but there would be light enough now. Suddenly the sorrel lifted its head, snuffing the dark, ears forward. Chaney turned swiftly. Someone was coming across the field.

Footsteps stumbling between the

cotton rows, then the small round figure, the panting, whispering voice of Aunt Jessie.

"Mistuh Chaney! Mistuh Chaney, suh!"

Chaney gripped the old woman by the arm.

"Quietly! What is it?"

"Miss Em'ly, suh. She say she need you."

Chaney shook her with unmeaning roughness.

"What's the matter?"

"She say don't split no words, suh. She say she need you."

Chaney gave one look toward the silent, sleeping forms by the fire, then turned swiftly, dragging the sorrel. He said harshly, "Don't stay here. Come after me. Quietly!"

At the edge of the field he mounted, putting the sorrel to a swift, silent walk. Once he looked back. There was no sign of movement by the fire. At the field's end he spurred the sorrel to a stretching gallop.

He swung down under the great oaks before the tall, moonlit pillars of the house. At the back, in the kitchen, there was a faint glimmer of lamplight, but the front of the house was dark. Chaney threw the reins loose over the hitching post, walked swiftly to the steps. Emily Bufort was at the top, waiting for him. Chaney saw that her face in the moonlight was white and strained. He stopped halfway up, said quickly, "What is it? Aunt Jessie said you needed me."

She said, "I had to be sure you'd come. Huger Mesro came back. He has men with him. They're—looking for you."

Chaney said, "Ah," letting his breath out slowly. He turned on the step, looking past the oaks toward the little house where he lived, down beyond the negro quarters and the cotton sheds. It was beyond sight, but not beyond hearing. Chaney heard a rising murmur of voices, then a shout and the faint sound of glass breaking. Emily Bufort's voice was taut with pain and worry.

"THEY'LL be back here in a moment. You mustn't stay! There's a boat at the lower landing. . . ."

Chaney turned and looked up at her, smiling. The girl let her hands fall to her sides.

"Of course," she said. "I guess I really knew you wouldn't."

Chaney said, "It's nothing to run from. I suppose they've got a tar barrel and a rail. It's quite simple. They want me to go away, and I won't go. We'll have to argue it out."

Emily Bufort said, "But some of them are drunk. They don't know what they're doing."

"People so seldom do," Chaney said. He turned away abruptly. "I'd better go down and get it over with."

Emily Bufort said quietly, "I'd rather you met them here."

Chaney looked at her. She said breathlessly, "Now that I know . . . now that the moment's finally come . . . you mustn't go away. . . ."

She held out her hand, and Chaney

took it in both of his. A moment small in time, but infinite in trust and understanding. He said, "I know it too. Now we must take what comes. But it will be better if I go to meet them."

The girl said, "But it's my right—"

Footsteps thudded swiftly in the dark. Chaney went rigid for a moment, then relaxed. He stepped up beside the girl.

"That seems to be decided for us," he said. "Step back a little behind the pillar."

But she stayed where she was. Chaney stood easily, waiting, his hands at his sides, the pistol against his leg a blue shimmer of deadlier moonlight. The running steps converged under the oaks, stopped. Chaney could see the figures of the men. Ten or a dozen of them. Chaney said, "I'll shoot the first man that comes closer."

Huger Mesro pushed to the front, into the clear splash of moonlight before the steps. There was a pistol in his hand, but he carried it down. He said harshly, "Come down here, Emily. Or at least get back into the house. You can't stop this."

Chaney said swiftly, "I've made myself responsible for Miss Bufort's safety. And I think your main business is with me. Let's get to it."

From the shadows a voice called hoarsely, "Get him away from the woman's skirts!" And a following word that brought Emily Bufort's head up sharply. Chaney came down a step, and the long barrel against his leg trembled a little. He said, "Your followers seem a little out of hand, Mr. Mesro. Let's get this over with quickly."

There was shame in Mesro's face. But he said, "We're through with you and all the rest of your damned Yankee carpetbaggers. We're running you out. You won't be hurt if you go quietly."

Chaney went down one step more. At the edge of the crowd there was a slight shifting. Shadows moving toward the corner of the house. But Chaney's eyes were on Mesro. He said quietly, "I'll go when and as I choose, Mr. Mesro. I have certain duties to perform—duties to my employers and to the owner of this plantation. It's up to me to decide when they've been fulfilled."

Mesro said harshly, "You'd sound nobler if you weren't taking advantage of a lady's presence."

Chaney's voice was vibrant with anger.

"I'll waive that advantage, Mr. Mesro. At any spot you choose. Twenty paces in fair moonlight, and the full charge in both pistols."

He heard the sharp, indrawn breath of the girl behind him. Mesro hesitated, his face dark with fury. Behind him a voice said, "Pistols be damned. Give him the tar barrel!"

Chaney said swiftly, "I choose that gentleman for my second."

Mesro's voice shook furiously, "If you want it that way—"

From the back of the house, there was the strident, rending crash of a window breaking. Chaney sprang back to the top of the steps, turning to face the door. At the far end of the hall the kitchen door flew open. Chaney had a swift vision of the flaring oil lamp on the kitchen table, and a swaying figure outlined against the lamplight, arm raised. A pistol shot flashed wildly, knocking splinters from the column above Chaney's head, and he fired swiftly in return. He knew he missed. But the man in the hall lunged back into the kitchen, stumbled drunkenly against the table, upsetting it, sending the lamp smashing to the floor. There was a crash and a great flare of exploding flame.

Chaney turned again as Huger Mesro sprang up the steps. He swung his left fist forward, striking Mesro on the side of the jaw, driving him back to the ground in a heavy, thudding fall.

The light from the burning kitchen streamed through the doorway in a leaping glare. Chaney turned desperately to Emily Bufort. She was in the very center of the steps, standing clear and straight against the background of flame. Huger Mesro was on his feet, staring up at her, his face ghastly in the firelight. A pistol flamed behind him in the dark, fired in sheer drunken hysteria into the air. Mesro shouted hoarsely, "Stop it, you fools! Do you hear me! Stop!"

Emily Bufort said, "It's a fair time to stop, Huger."

She ran toward the door. Follow-

ing her, Chaney heard the frightened whimpering of the man who had upset the lamp, Mesro's voice shouting stridently for buckets and water. The kitchen was a pit of fire. Flaming oil from the lamp had spurted high on the walls, out through the doorway to the hall. Little spots of fire on the floor and the paneling of the walls were spreading swiftly, joining together. Chaney wrenched his coat off, swung it by the sleeves in a fierce effort to beat down and muffle the flames. But the fire was already bursting out through the kitchen door, reaching for the tall railings of the stairs.

The heat was terrific. Chaney swung his coat furiously, but the fire drove him back step by scorching step. The stairs were fairly blazing now. He saw Emily Bufort hesitating before the drawing-room door, and shouted to her to go outside. Even as he called, the portières in the door began to smoulder and burn.

A man ran past them with a bucket and hurled the water futilely into the swirling furnace at the back of the hall. The heat was unbearable. Chaney took Emily Bufort by the arm, drawing her back through the door to the verandah. She stood for a moment, staring back into the flame-filled doorway, then went quietly down the steps to where Huger Mesro was standing, the firelight sweeping in red waves across his stricken face. He said hoarsely, "There must be more buckets . . . it's not too late. . . ."

Emily Bufort said quietly, "It's much too late. Stop your men, Huger. Someone will be hurt, and there's been enough of that."

She did not take her eyes off the house. Glass shattered and fell behind the drawn blinds of the drawing-room windows. Smoke began to curl out through the slats, and after the smoke, flame. The tall columns of the porch were starkly outlined against the rolling glare. Emily Bufort spoke to Mesro, her voice quiet, almost kind. She said, "It's a house you were always welcome in. Do you remember, Cousin Huger?"

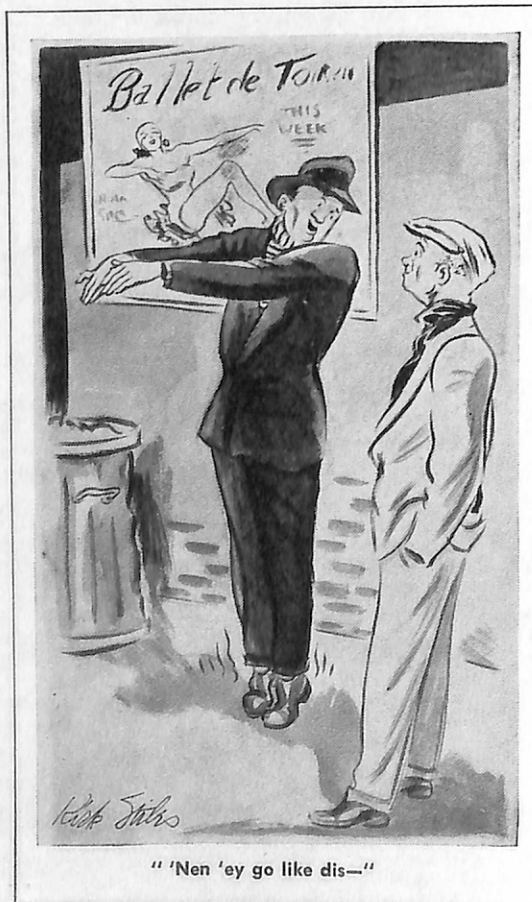
Mesro turned a little from the flames, his eyes stricken. He said dully, "There's nothing I can say."

She said, "No, there's nothing to be said. After all, it's only a house. But it's your childhood and mine, Huger. Something killed that might have gone slowly and in peace."

She lifted her hand to shade her eyes from the growing heat. After a moment she said slowly, "Don't take anything else away from me, Huger."

Mesro said abruptly, "I won't," and turned away. Emily Bufort was standing close beside Chaney, her shoulder touching his. She said, "Huger."

Mesro faced her again. She said evenly, "Captain Chaney and I will be married at Bruton



"'Nen 'ey go like dis—"

Church as soon as we can make arrangements. I hope you'll come to the wedding."

For a moment, Mesro was silent. Emily Bufort said, "You owe me that, Huger."

Mesro said, "I'll come."

He turned and walked away. Chaney watched him, and the dim figures vanishing under the fire-shadowed oaks. Chaney said, "I'm sorry for him."

The girl said quietly, "I'm sorry for all of us."

She bent and picked up something at her feet. Mesro's pistol. She put it in Chaney's hand and said, "Throw it in."

He threw it through the fire-lined doorway in a long, gleaming arc. Then, unbidden, he tossed his own

pistol after it. Emily Bufort drew a long breath.

"That's as it should be."

She put her hand through Chaney's arm, and he could feel her fingers trembling. She said, "Take me away now. I don't think I could bear to see the end of it."

They walked quietly down under the great oaks, till the sullen glow of the fire had died and dulled behind them, and the moonlight came cool and untroubled through the branches. They stopped at the edge of the cotton-field, and Chaney pulled a plant to him, breaking open a boll, stretching the long, strong fibres between his fingers. He said soberly, "I think we can get the hands together in time. It's a good crop."

She put her hands on his wrists,

drawing his hands apart. Smiling a little, Chaney said, "We might even build a house in the spring. But I'm afraid it won't be like the old one."

She said, "Nothing is like what went before. We know that."

He drew her into his arms, and her face was turned on his shoulder, her lips searching against his. Then she drew back a little, and said, "But it won't be easy. We know that, too."

Feeling her breast warm against him, Chaney said quietly, "They'll forget in time. Even hate changes, if you can wait."

He kissed her again, and she said, "If not for us, perhaps in time for our son."

He held her close, looking past the wind-moved radiance of her hair to the cool, far-stretching moonlight.

The Red-Tailed Bozack

(Continued from page 11)

crouched down, and I got that gone feeling again, because she certainly was nice to look at, with her hair blowing and that look on her face. And I thought if it could only be for me. But it wasn't. She looked at the flower, and then up at the sky and the trees, and she said anxiously to Hovey, "It must be f.7 intensity. I've got to have supplementary illumination, with panchromatic."

I swear that's what she said. I just looked at Wally and muttered, "No wonder! And all the time I thought she spoke English."

He said, "You dope. That's camera talk."

Anyway, Hovey understood it. He held a mirror on one side so it reflected more light on this trilium hystericum, and got Wally to hold one on the other side, and Miss Catlin fluttered around the edges getting in the way and making little cries. I was disgusted. I turned away and found that me and the little dark haired Smith girl was making a very lonely two-some. She sort of smiled and said, "Don't you like flowers?"

I said, "I can tell a rose from a pansy in a good light. And believe it or not, I'm satisfied."

She said, "They leave me a little cold too."

But I let it slide, because I've been on picnics and things before, and I knew what really sinks you is to get paired off with the wrong party.

So I just wandered off a few steps, still plenty mad, and they got through taking the picture and stood around saying how wonderful. I figured anything to attract a little attention, so I scrabbled in the underbrush and plucked the first thing that came handy, and took it back to Hovey. I said, "Teacher, look what I found."

He looked at it, and then at me, and then he said very gently, "Mr. Bozack, you're in the National Park now, and it's against the rules to pick any growing things. And besides, that's poison ivy."

So when we came to the next brook, he made me wash my hands, and explained very patiently how to tell the difference between poison ivy and all the forty-nine substitutes that look like it but aren't. The Chisholm girl looked off at the distant scenery and smiled, and Wally was trying to look like he'd only met me that morning, and that an accident. Only the little Smith girl said she hoped I wouldn't get poisoned, and I said pretty snappy she needn't worry because I never got it. Which was as big a lie as I've told in years, and a long way the itchiest.

Anyway, we proceeded, with the trail getting higher and steeper every step. And there were plenty of steps. You could see out through the trees every once in a while to some pretty Grade A scenery, and it would all have been pretty swell if I'd been in a mood to enjoy it. I wasn't. I was brooding.

Mr. Hovey was off trees now and onto birds. Every once in a while he'd stop and peer off into the brush, and listen. We'd all stop and peer and listen. Then something would twitter, and Hovey would pucker his mouth up and twitter back. Then the bird would twitter again, and Hovey would say, "Green-footed nut-scratcher!"

Maybe we'd see it hopping around in the branches, and Hovey would say, "There he is," and all the women would say, "Isn't he beautiful!"

And Miss Chisholm would take a picture.

I wasn't used to competing in sex appeal with all God's outdoors. But I was still game. So I sort of kept close to her, and when we stopped to let Mr. Hovey seduce a green-bottomed grape-pecker out of the jungle by making noises like he was pecking grapes himself, I thought I saw a chance. I said that was certainly a swell camera she had.

For a minute she looked almost interested. She said, "But it's only anastigmatic. Don't you think it

takes rectilinear for this kind of work?"

I tried to laugh it off. I said, "Why, I always use—"

But I couldn't get my jaw around it. Not a word like that. She started to give me a funny look, but just then this green-bottomed etc. came into sight and she sprang away to take its portrait. That was when I really began to brood.

After a while we stopped for lunch. I saw my chance then. If we hadn't stopped, I wouldn't of had a chance for anything, on account of being dead. But we laid over by a little brook, to have something to wash down the old leather and sawdust combinations the hotel put out under the name of sandwiches, and after we'd rested a while, I begun to feel better. Only this Hovey kept getting off his little confidential messages to the feathered friends. They always answered, too. If just one had stood him up, I'd of felt better. But not so.

He paused once to point out a trash can that he said the Park put there on account of so many climbers choosing that spot to stop. The can was tipped over and all the trash spilled out. Hovey said bears did it. He said they tipped the can over as fast as you could set it up again. Personally, I thought it was just something to impress the women with.

He started birdcalling again, and Miss Catlin said, "Mr. Hovey, I do believe you know every bird there is!"

He was modest about it, the way that really burns you up. He said, "Well, not all of them, naturally. But most of those in the mountains."

That was when I had the idea. I was sitting next to the little Smith girl, and she kept wanting to talk about bears. But birds was what I was after. I drew Mr. Hovey out on the subject all right. He didn't mind admitting to a little knowledge on the subject, either. Short of being able to build a nest and lay eggs, he

was practically a bird himself, to hear him tell it. And Miss Chisholm listened to him like he was the head eagle himself. But I didn't care. Because I had this idea.

So we took off again, and this time I managed to get ahead. I knew I could count on Miss Catlin to get prostrated over a rhododendron or something, and anyway I didn't need much of a start. I went on up the trail a ways, and then I left it. I went down the mountain about fifty yards, and I want to tell you it was no boulevard. What wasn't rocks was roots, or dead trees or other equally malign impediments to progress. But I found a nice place hidden 'way back between two big boulders, and squatted down to wait. It wasn't what you could call fun. Varieties of bugs, mostly poisonous looking, took round trips over my anatomy, and gnats flew up my nose and set up house-keeping. But I didn't care.

After a while I heard voices on the trail, and they would stop every once in a while, and Hovey would fake a bird call, and some poor sucker of a bird would answer. When they got right above me, they stopped, and I heard Hovey say, "Yellow-winged ground-scraper. I've never heard one as high as this."

He twittered, and it twittered back. I could hear Wally and the women making appropriate comments, and as soon as they quieted down, I signed on myself.

I whistled. Just the first four notes of "Tuxedo Junction," and if I do say it, it was the best birdcall we'd heard all day. There was a moment of silence up above, so I let them have it again. I heard the Chisholm girl say, "Oh, what's that one?"

I wouldn't of give anything for it being her that said it. I could just as good as see Hovey blush.

I heard him stammering that maybe it was a pink-throated something, or a blue-billed something else, but he couldn't be sure till he got a look. I twirped again, and this time he got the hang of it and twirped back, and we kept that up till I was so full of high-compressed laughter I was almost dead. Hovey was getting really worked up, and I could hear him sort of skirmishing around in the brush up there and talking to himself. When he started coming toward me, I muffled it like it was getting farther away, and the closer he got the farther I got, and then died out altogether.

So he gave up and climbed back to the trail. I could hear him limping through a few excuses, but there was a silence that indicated his stock had taken an awful lacing. And I'd have given anything to see Miss Chisholm's face right then. Then Hovey said, pretty stiff, "Well, we'd better be getting along," and that was my moment.

I started to raise up, and if friend Hovey had never heard the bird before, he was going to hear it then.

I had my mouth all fixed, and I rose up slow.

And right in front of me something large and black also rose up.

It said, "Wuff!"

I stopped rising. The bear stopped rising too. Maybe he wasn't the biggest bear in the world, but you can't prove it by me. He was squatting right there in the cleft of the rocks where I was hiding, looking at me like I was lamb chops done just the way he liked. On three sides of me was ten foot rocks, and on the fourth was ten foot bear. Don't quote statistics at me. I say ten foot, and I was there. I mean to tell you I was there.

And up on the trail the voices and footsteps was getting fainter. I couldn't stand that. I opened my mouth. The bear opened his. Nothing come out of my mouth, but a growl come out of the bear's. I shut my mouth again. The bear stopped growling. Then he did something worse. He come a step closer, and



sniffed at one of my pockets.

I knew what it was then. I still had a damn half a sandwich! I figured maybe if I threw it away—

So I moved my hand, just a little. Not with *that* bear. He growled again. He wanted me *and* the sandwich.

And up on the trail, they were all gone. Not a sound except a faint panting noise that could of been the bear from hunger or me from fright, or both. Don't ask me what I thought about. I thought about a lot of things. Like Miss Chisholm, and would she be sorry. I didn't much think so. She'd probably say, "What a picture!" and give the center spot to the bear.

I don't know how long that went on. Sweat was pouring down me, and bugs was pouring up me, and the bear was still there. And that panting sound was getting more pronounced. Then I heard a lovely noise. My own name.

They'd missed me, and was hollering from up the trail. I forgot for a second, and started to holler back, but the bear reminded me. I heard Hovey's voice coming closer, and Wally's, and I could even hear Miss Chisholm. They was right above

me, but the bear was even more so.

That was an awful moment. I guess maybe I was a bit above myself. Anyway, I tried to reason with the bear. Quietly, man to man. I said, "Now look, pal—"

He opened his mouth, but I was desperate. I said, "We can work this out now—"

The bear said, "Just put the sandwich down and get out."

Like I say, I was wrought up. Because of course it wasn't really the bear said it. It was Hovey, standing on the rock above me and looking down. Miss Chisholm was standing just below him, and even in that awful moment I could see she was figuring camera angles first and my ghastly predicament second if at all. But things happened.

Maybe the bear was camera shy. Maybe he just wanted to pick up the sandwich and leave. Anyway, he made a pass. I didn't stay to talk things over. I got out of there. Don't ask me how. It seemed like flying. I

come out wrong side up and no way in control, and of course the Chisholm girl had to be in the way. I smacked into her and she screamed and we both went tumbling. I think maybe the bear was mixed up in it somewhere. Something was that scratched.

It was confused. And Hovey hollering, "Elinor are you hurt?" and me wondering stupidly if Elinor was the bear. We fetched up against a tree finally, and there was no bear. Just Miss Chisholm, and very mad. Hovey was coming down the mountain in leaps still hollering, "Are you hurt?" and I got a little wind and asked the same question.

"Hurt!" she said. "Hurt!"

You stupid idiot, you've fractured my panchromatic filter!"

For a minute I went sick all over. A beautiful young girl like that, and all my fault! Then Hovey grabbed her, and out of the conversation I gathered that what was busted was just some dam' camera gadget. I went from sick to mad, and then stopped having any emotions at all. But even in my numb state I could gather that there was a great deal more to the Hovey-Chisholm combination than had previously met the eye.

Somehow we got Miss Chisholm and her fractured what's-it, and me and my even more nameless rents and ruptures back up on the trail. The others was waiting there, pop-eyed with excitement, but I was in no mood to explain. And all Hovey said was, "I must *please* ask all members of the party to stay on the trail."

He started to lead off again, and then he stopped short. He was looking at me, and for a minute I thought I saw real, friendly interest in his eye. But he was looking at the seat of my pants. I put my hand down quick, expecting the worst, but it was just a lot of red stuff gathered

in my descent through the stratosphere. I said, "Now what?"

Hovey said, "Just wait till I see Harris!"

I said, "Who's Harris?"

Hovey said, "The park geologist. He swore there was no ariferous sandstone above four thousand feet. And you're walking proof!"

Well, Miss Catlin laughed, and Miss Chisholm. And Wally, the wise guy, said, "That bird that whistled. I know what that was. That was a Red-tai—"

But I rammed a look down his teeth that choked him off. They started up the trail again, and for all they cared I could of been broke through in fourteen places, and maybe was. It felt that way. Nobody cared about me but the little Smith girl.

She sort of hung back, and when a steep place wrung out an unwilling groan, she took my arm and said, "They were mean to laugh. I bet you're really hurt."

Of course I said I wasn't, and made to take my arm away, but she hung on, and I thought what the hell and let her. Because the way she did it was really nice. After a bit she said, "I bet I know something you don't."

I said, "What?"

She said, "It's supposed to be a secret, but Miss Chisholm and Mr. Hovey are engaged."

I said, "That's a secret shared by

you, me and at least one bear. And anyway, what of it?"

She didn't say anything, and we made a little more mutual progress. She was being pretty nice about it, and I begun to have ideas. Because what a man really wants is a girl that understands. Up the trail we could hear Hovey giving forth bird-calls, and the higher, shriller notes of Miss Catlin finding a flower. The Smith girl said, "I think that's all just a little bit silly."

I knew then I really liked her. I said, "Back in Michigan, we got a bird that could really put that Hovey in his place."

She said, "How?"

I said, "This Michigan bird, when any guy in green pants prowls around emitting fraudulent noises like that, it just hollers back, 'Phoo-eeey—phoo-eeey'."

Well, she laughed. She really laughed. And I noticed she had about the nicest teeth I'd ever seen. And I figured if this lodge on top of the mountain was any kind of a lodge, maybe I'd get a chance to tell her how nice the firelight looked shining out of her eyes.

And then she said, "Michigan! Did you say Michigan?"

I said, "Sure. Detroit."

She said, "Why, I come from Detroit. . . ."

And you could of knocked either one of us over with a feather.

Little Honorable Plant

(Continued from page 17)

more than satisfied their requirements.

But meanwhile curious chemists were looking over the oil, meal and oilmeal produce of the plant, sure that they must be good for something else besides food and fodder, varnish and paint. One chemist studying the fermentation of the soybean, suspected that with it he could improve the quality of beer. For several years he labored over his problem, and finally discovered that the flakes of soybean meal, used in brewing, gave beer more body and a sturdier "collar" of white foam. Since this discovery, which was to change considerably the traditional methods of brewing, was made in the midst of the Prohibition era, it had to be filed away against the day when the industry would once more be legalized; but today there are few American beer drinkers who realize that the rich body and creamy head on their glass of beer are attributable to Morse's domestication of the little honorable bean.

Probably the greatest impetus given to the industrial use of soybeans in America came from Henry Ford. Some years ago Mr. Ford declared, "If we want the farmer to be our customer, we must find a way to be his customer." Somewhat in this spirit he began, in 1930, an intensive investigation of the soybean and its possibilities. Ford research workers

found that, far from doing the American farmer a favor by taking his surplus or unwanted produce off his hands, the farmers were in fact producing a material which could be invaluable in the manufacture of numerous parts for Ford cars. Mr. Ford surveyed the facts, was pleasantly surprised, and expressed only one doubt, common to a good many potential users of soybeans even today. Would there be a sufficient American supply of soybeans, year in and year out, for his continuing demands? As insurance against the future, and in his characteristic fashion, Mr. Ford had planted 60,000 acres of soybeans for his exclusive use; and in 1936, he opened, as a five-million-dollar annex to his River Rouge works, a complete soybean crushing plant.

Like most modern processors, from every ton of soybeans Mr. Ford feeds into this plant, he extracts between 26 and 30 gallons of oil, and about 1,600 pounds of meal. The oil goes into glycerine for shock absorbers, paint and enamel for body finish, binder for foundry cores, etc.; the meal, converted into plastics, is used for horn buttons, gear-shift knobs, distributor cases and coils, accelerator foot pedals, and other parts. Ford tractors now carry firm, comfortable seats moulded from soybean plastic, and a complete trunk compartment door made from the same



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substance is now being tried experimentally on Mercury cars.

Soybeans have withstood the toughest jobs assigned to them in Ford plants, and today Mr. Ford is one of their most enthusiastic champions.

"You will see the time when a good many more automobile parts will be grown on the farm," he declares. "The engine, drive-shaft and a few other parts will, of course, be of steel. But the rest, including the body, will be made from farm products."

It is rumored in automotive circles that Ford engineers already have produced an experimental car, the entire body of which has been moulded from soybean plastics, that everyone is pleased with its performance and that it has a fixed place in Mr. Ford's production plans for the future.

Ford's impressive feats with his soybean crop naturally sent other automobile manufacturers scurrying to the farm produce market for this magic material. The soybean boom, having slowly gained momentum, was now on for fair. From less than five million bushels in 1925, American soybean production leaped to thirteen million bushels in 1930, forty-four million bushels in 1935 and eighty-seven million bushels in 1939. By January, 1940, trading in soybeans had become such a big transaction on the Chicago Board of Trade, that the governors were at last forced to assign "Soy" a pit of its own, away from the corn pit where it had been traded as a sideline since 1936.

Sometimes it seemed to research workers that they were trying soybean oil or meal for almost every purpose, and that the substances of the magic bean seldom let them down. For instance, when the manufacturers of plywood on the Pacific coast were faced with the necessity of finding a new type of glue that would render the material water-resistant or else losing their vast market to some newer and more serviceable material, a chemical manufacturer in Seattle came forward with something that didn't look like glue at all. It was a thick, soupy substance and he simply stated that he had compounded the stuff from soybeans. But it proved to be the answer to plywood's prayer for a water-resistant glue! Manufactured according to a secret formula, it is now the standard plywood adhesive. Far from facing extinction, the plywood industry is today at its peak, offering what is said to be the "strongest structural material in the world"—thanks, to no small extent, to the staying qualities of the "little honorable bean".

But despite the fact that

there seemed to be more industrial demands springing up for soybeans than there were domestic soybeans to go around, the Government stepped into the picture again in 1936 with a provision that promises to give the crop something more than a "boom", and to guarantee future markets and uses for the producer and consumer of soybeans alike. Under the provisions of the Bankhead-Jones Act, the Department of Agriculture acquired the massive old Agricultural Building on the campus of the University of Illinois at Urbana and set up the Regional Soybean Industrial Products Laboratory. The purpose of this project, which boasts of the most modern laboratory equipment and a large staff of expert chemists and engineers, is to develop new industrial uses for soybeans and to improve manufacturing processes now in use. Workers there have already developed a new type of laminated plastic, which is said to be harder and stronger than metal; a new fiber which closely resembles wool; and a long line of paints, varnishes and enamels of unusual quality. There is said to be in process of perfection an entirely new type of paint—a dry soybean powder which, mixed with water like a whitewash, will give a protective covering even more durable than the oil-mixed paints in use today.

The first airplane fuselages cast in one piece from soybean plastics are now being tried out by several aircraft manufacturers; and fabricators of building materials are experimenting with doors, casements and trim. If you are not already doing so, you'll be riding with, walking upon or in some way handling an awful lot of transmuted soybean substances

in the near predictable future.

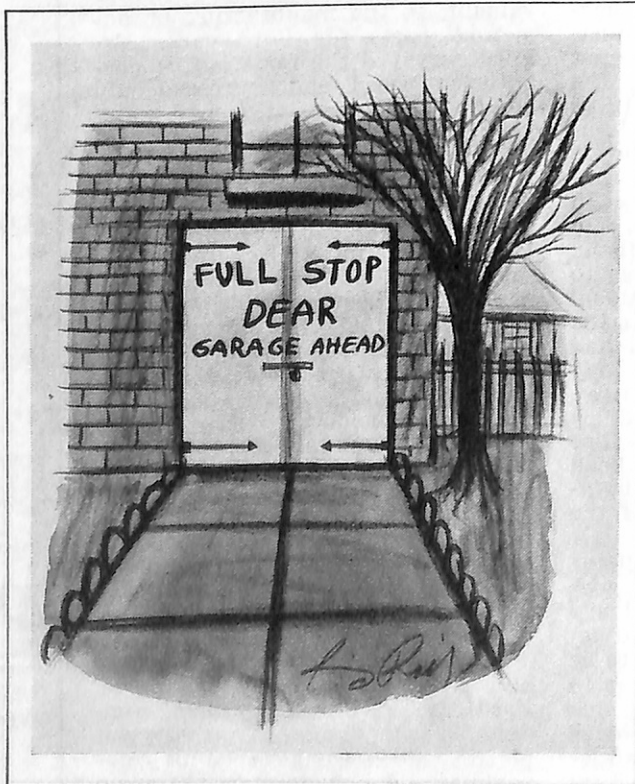
Or you'll be eating soybeans, and you'll be grateful to the little honorable bean for many unsuspected health-giving and delicious qualities. It seems strange that despite the amazing development of the soybean during the past ten years, the tremendous values and advantages of the edible varieties are still so little appreciated. On the other hand, there are authorities who maintain that supplying the food industry will be the last and the greatest of the soybean's industrial triumphs in America. That, however, will be less a job for laboratory experiment than for public education.

As a human foodstuff, the little green soybean bears up, in every respect, its tradition for amazing versatility. According to doctors and dietitians, it has everything. Soybean vitamins are A, B1, B2, D and E. Since it contains little sugar and no starch, it is ideal for diabetics. Yet it contains three times the protein of wheat or eggs, and twice that of lean meat. Soybeans crushed or ground in water produce a highly nutritious "milk" which doctors recommend for children and adults who happen to be allergic to cows' milk. But the relatively small number of people who have already discovered soybeans as a foodstuff favor them for one reason alone: they're delicious.

The green-shelled beans, cooked simply as are green peas or lima beans, have a richer, more nutty flavor than any of the other legumes. The Department of Agriculture and some State agencies have tried the experiment of giving restaurants and cafeterias small quantities to be served to patrons, and invariably the proprietors have been so deluged by enthusiastic inquiries about "those delicious green beans" that they have decided to look further into the matter on their own.

Soybean flour makes excellent cakes and pie-crusts, with a characteristic nutty flavor; and bread made from soybean flour is generally considered a delicacy by those who have once tasted it. Soyburger, a "meatloaf" made of crushed soybeans baked according to various recipes, is a favorite "meat" dish in many parts of America where the soybean is grown. It looks like meat, and tastes like young, tender pork!

Probably one reason why the soybean is still unknown in the United States as an excellent, healthful foodstuff and table delicacy is the fact that it has never been exploited in any form as a nationally advertised product. Crushed soybeans, soybean flour, soybean bread, etc., up to the present time have been available only in such shops as make a specialty of "health foods", a pecul-



iar labeling from which the majority of Americans seem to shy away on the grounds that anything that is that "healthful" must necessarily be either tasteless or disagreeable. In the instance of the soybean products, however, the popular limitations of that label have worked decidedly to the public's loss.

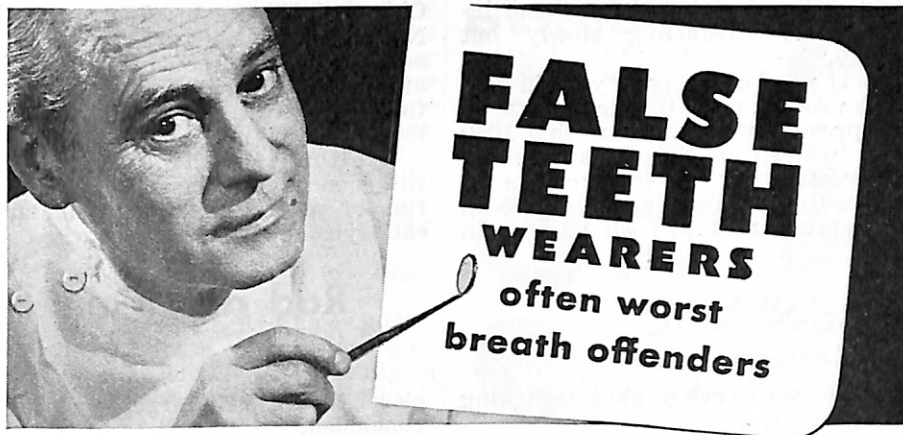
But inherent soybean advantages will soon correct that situation. Large bakers of bread, for instance, have discovered that a certain amount of soy flour mixed with their regular wheat flour tends to keep the bread fresh and imparts a better taste to both crust and center. According to Department of Agriculture information, several large national bakeries, convinced that the public will like a better-tasting bread made from soybean flour, are about to launch new loaves backed by tremendous campaigns of national advertising. Mr. William J. Morse, the Department of Agriculture's "father" of the American soybean crop, (whose entire family, incidentally, favors soybean breads and foodstuffs purely as a matter of choice rather than allegiance) is confident that these bakers have the right idea. In any event, such a campaign for soybean bread would probably open the floodgates for other soybean food products. No contingency tends to darken the prospects for the primary producer—the farmer.

A NEW salad oil, a new mayonnaise and a practical and tasty synthetic egg-white have recently been developed and are being placed on the market. And by way of contrast to its ponderous achievements in the industrial field and its substantial portents as a possible foodstuff, a prominent officer of a leading soybean trade association announces that he is backing a newly patented "hair restorer" and points to his own modestly sprouting scalp as proof of the fact that not the least of the soybean's homely virtues is to grow hair on the head of man!

Not that anyone in the industry, from the farmer and processor to the industrialist and food expert, takes the soybean lightly. With a gesture to old Shen-Nung, and deeper obeisances to the vision of C. V. Piper and the long labors of William J. Morse, they are mighty proud of the job America has done for the soybean—and for what the soybean is doing for America. Recently, the National Soybean Processors Association summed up the situation this way:

"Who built the soybean industry? Certainly not promoters. It was built by farmers with visions of a new cash crop, by bright-minded government and college research experts of iron determination. . . .

"Few products in history have so quickly attained scientific handling. In the laboratories new products have been evolved; new markets have been created, and new sales forces employed to break down walls of opposition in highly competitive



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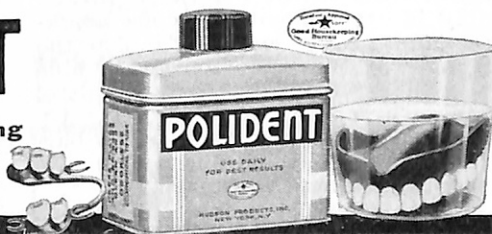
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fields. Step by step the soybean industry is advancing, slowly but surely."

Last year was a peak year in soybean production in the United States, but present indications are that 1940 may be even bigger. Department of Agriculture current crop reports indicate that soybean acreages are up 29 percent in Iowa; 35 percent in

Ohio and Wisconsin; 75 percent in Nebraska. Farmers are catching the swing of the soybean boom, and the anxiety of American manufacturers for their future source of supply is lessening.

"At this rate the United States will soon be in a class with Manchuria, for generations the world's largest soybean producer," remarked the

editor of Wallace's *Farmer* recently. "And yet most of us in the Midwest hardly knew what a soybean was twenty years ago."

Decidedly, the "Little Honorable Plant" has made good in a big way. With its roots now set firmly in American soil, probably its most luxuriant growth as the world's wonderbean is still to come.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 21)

beating, with every shot smacking dead center.

From there the seizure progresses to the next stage, which necessitates a cash outlay. Obviously, even though you happen to be the dry pistol shooting champion of the world, such amazing skill must be demonstrated with live rounds. Which is one of the unfortunate things about revolver shooting—at least as far as this revolver shooter is concerned. So several boxes of .38 caliber wadcutters are purchased, along with targets, thumbtacks, target markers and other impedimenta, which practically ruins a \$10 bill. The next stop is a nearby pistol range.

For some curious reason your agent's arrival at the range invariably is greeted with raucous laughter and heavy jests. It's also the signal for the range officer to hide new target frames. However, pistol range humorists are ignored. Up goes a new target, the heavy-barrelled Colt is loaded and a dramatic shooting stance is assumed.

At this precise moment a curious phenomenon always occurs. Your reporter's right arm, instead of being the sturdy oak it was when pointing an empty revolver at Aunt Minnie's wen, suddenly becomes as wobbly as custard pudding. To make matters worse, the light, carefully adjusted trigger pull becomes as unyielding as a rusty latch; I just can't ease the blame thing off. Audible titters come from the gallery and finally, in desperation, the trigger is yanked, the gun barks and the target shudders as a neatly drilled hole appears in the target frame. At this point the range officer makes a few well chosen remarks, none printable.

The second shot usually is a little better. That one generally lands on the paper somewhere between the five and six ring. Then follow two sevens and an eight, after which the gun is reloaded to finish the 10-shot string.

The first shot of the second string is a luscious 10 and the next is a nine. Now I'm getting somewhere. Or so it seems until the next two miss the target entirely and the last scores another miserable six.

About that time some canny gent moves in with an offer to swap my remaining pistol ammunition for two boxes of shotgun shells and a bottle of beer, and, after taking a

closer look at the target the deal is concluded.

"Who is that guy?" queried a puzzled spectator as I walked away in disgust one day last year.

"Well," answered a voice in an exaggerated stage whisper, "he isn't Billy the Kid!"

THE story of the misfortune which overtook old Pap Reynolds shortly after he lost his store teeth never has been told. The tale can be passed along now because Pap has departed this world and perhaps it's just as well. He was a rugged individualist who resented invasion of personal liberty and privacy; he was a tough mule who wouldn't be curried behind the ears. He also was another of the great market gunners of a bygone era.

Pap, 78-odd and as toothless as a jaybird without his boughten bicuspid, had two lamentable weaknesses: Squirrel whisky and boiled bluebill ducks.

"Bluebills," he explained to his cronies at the Horseshoe, his favorite filling station, "has got something to 'em. They stick to your ribs." He attributed magic medicinal qualities to the bar whisky sold at the Horseshoe, three successive shots of which being sufficient to floor any of the Paul Bunyanish gentry who frequented the joint.

There was talk that Pap subsisted wholly on a boiled duck and whisky diet during the long gunning season, although the old gaffer denied that calumny. "Sometimes I boil me up a mess of fish instead of duck," he explained to intimates.

The old gentleman enjoyed superb health despite this unusual fare. It was his boast that he'd live to bury some of the county's most notable abstainers, and that single blessedness, boiled ducks and plenty of drinking likker was the formula for a long, healthful life. Nobody could give him an argument on that score until the year he lost his China fangs.

This last happened when Pap was filling a rush order for a banquet. The order called for 100 big ducks and Pap was doing all right until he upset his boat chasing a crippled quacker. When he finally made shore he discovered his phony snappers were missing. Subsequent dredging operations failed. Pap was in a jam.

However, the old chap carried on

as best he could, although his missing molars made bluebill chewing a problem. "If I hadn't sort of overstrained my credit at the Horseshoe," he explained later, "I could have dug up some money and got me a new set o'teeth. That would have saved me a lot of misery." He finally solved the food problem by cutting his beloved ducks in small chunks, and swallowing these whole. And for the first time in his life he began to feel poorly.

A month later, and still toothless, he sought medical advice. The doctor put Pap on a strict regime. No more boiled ducks. Instead, plenty of milk, scrambled eggs and mashed potatoes. And no more likker.

"Me eat aigs?" exclaimed Pap, horrified at the thought. "And no more booze?"

"Do as I tell you," replied the doctor, "and get yourself a new set of false teeth. Come back in a week if you don't feel better."

A few days later Pap was back at the M.D.'s, resplendent with new choppers, but declaring he felt like hell. "My stummick's killing me, Doc," he complained. "It feels like it's full of lead. I think it's them goddam aigs I been eatin'!"

On a hunch the medic decided he'd take an X-ray of Pap's innards and when the plate was developed the mystery of Pap's misery was no longer a mystery. They tossed the old gaffer on the operating table that evening and removed, as Pap later asserted, "enough chilled shot to hand-load a case of shells." Seems he'd been swallowing a lot of pellets, along with unchewed duck.

Pap lived to shoot more ducks and perhaps would still be at it except he got slightly over-heated at a country dance one night, stepped outside to cool off and fell down a flight of stairs, breaking his neck.

IT'S always a good idea to know who's guiding you on a hunt. This knowledge often saves embarrassment in more ways than one. Take that North Carolina quail shoot of a few weeks ago. Had I known my guide was a retired clergyman there would have been no lurid language when that first covey got away unscathed, and I certainly wouldn't have regaled the old gentleman with a series of droll stories or urged him to lap up a spot of Kentucky's best.

Aside from the above, however, Parson Brown and I got along nicely

during the day's hunt, even though we only put up three birds. What really made the day a success, despite the paucity of game, was the Parson's ready—and frequently original—alibis. I became acquainted with the accurate location of every covey which had been in those parts, either the day before, the week before or even the year before. You know how guides can explain the lack of coveys on that particular day.

The first point turned out to be false and nothing whatever got up. Parson Brown laughed that one off by explaining that he'd been toting a dead quail around in his gunning coat earlier in the day; that he was upwind when the dog made his stand, and that the pooch had scented it and pointed accordingly. My gunning companion was taking a sly nip when the Parson vouchsafed this explanation and suffered a sudden, severe attack of coughing.

The next point the dog made was

through a heavy hedgerow and the Parson told us to get around on the other side as that would be the way the birds would fly. When we scrambled around to the other side we discovered the dog was pointing a cow in the open field. For a moment the dominie was set back on his heels, but not for long.

"It often happens," explained our retired gentleman of the cloth.

"How come?" queried my companion, in surprise.

"A cow often smells like a quail," replied the Parson, "so much so that a highly-bred bird dog frequently is deceived by the similarity of odor."

This facile explanation tossed the gunning companion for a 10-yard loss, but only for a moment.

"Look, Parson. I know what a cow smells like from any angle and so does a dog. And if a quail smells like a cow, then I smell like a mountain lion."

The Parson didn't have an answer for that one.

Your Memorial Home

(Continued from page 20)

Everything in these barns is as immaculate as in the rest of the Home. There's an amusing touch, too, in the larger barn. Each cow has her own name on her stall, and you are amazed to see each one go unerringly to her own place, for all the world as if she could read her name.

Back up to the cottages on the farm side of the main building, you go into the basement workroom set aside for the men interested in handcrafts. Benches, tool chests, all kinds of tools, with pieces of work at different stages of completion, indicate the interest in this particular spot. This absorption in hobbies strikes you still further when you go on up from the workroom to the cottage above (or to any and all of the cottages, for that matter), because you find that many of the guests work at their hobbies in their own rooms.

Strolling on through the shady arcades, you return to the main building and come first to the recreation room, a huge affair with lots of light, located at the opposite end of the main building from the dining room. Tables for pool, billiards, checkers, cards and chess are always occupied. If you think you know the games, stop for a minute to watch some of these experts, especially those with

billiard cues in their hands!

Next to the recreation room is a well-stocked library. Thousands of books, together with the latest magazines and newspapers, make it a popular place. And still another example of the thoughtful service characteristic of the Home management is evident here. Every morning one of the men reads aloud to all those whose eyesight is not quite up to the fine newspaper print—the news of course, and anything else that the listeners ask to hear. This might be as good a place as any to remind you that books are a welcome gift you can make to the library.

Across the hall is the barber shop, together with the wing housing the hospital. Laboratory apparatus, physio-therapy machinery, and X-ray equipment are only a few of the modern aids to thorough diagnosis and treatment that are available. Full-time graduate nurses are in attendance, and a competent physician devotes most of his time to the hospital. Private rooms and wards are pleasant and comfortable. Connected with the hospital is a special dining room, with a diet kitchen where food is prepared not only for patients in the hospital but also for the residents

(Continued on page 51)

Cruise Days

(Continued from page 23)

Juan, which will always remind Americans of a smiling Theodore Roosevelt with his Rough Riders. Trinidad (de Cuba), which is reached by rail rather than by bus, is unbelievably picturesque. Built by wealthy Spaniards of yore, it is

poised on a hill from which the Caribbean may be seen gently touching the beach of dazzling white sand. The narrow, cobbled streets are lined with old homes.

Farther south in the Caribbean basks Jamaica. Craggy mountains

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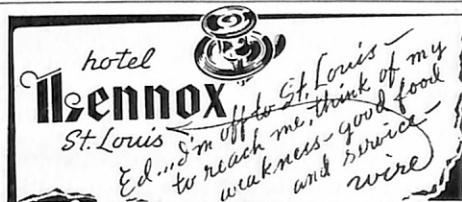


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stride across her length and at their feet spread coral beaches. This is the island, the largest and the most important of the British West Indies, which H. M. Tomlinson called "a jewel which smells like a flower". The southern portion of the island feels the tropic heat, but the northern shore and the mountain resorts know an equable and delightful climate. Many are the ships lanes which lead to Jamaica, with reason, for Jamaica has many interests to offer tourists, from its old plantations to its villages which, after these many years, still echo faintly of Africa.

LONG a favorite resort of the British, Jamaica now draws a sophisticated, cosmopolitan throng to enjoy the yachting, polo, fishing and the splendid horse racing. Kingston, the capital, is the debarkation point, and one of the first sights to greet the Northerner's eye is the white, white houses gleaming against thick green foliage. Most travelers remember that at Kingston the Planters' Punch enjoyed its first fame.

Kingston was built after Port Royal, at the entrance to the harbor, was destroyed by an earthquake. Port Royal, in its lusty youth headquarters for the buccaneers who laid claim to Jamaica, used to be called "the wickedest spot on earth". There is little reminder now of wickedness or of importance, but there is a rumor that Port Royal may be chosen for the new United States naval air base at Jamaica.

Kingston itself is lively and exciting, with an extremely gay social life, and not even war or flood can stem its high spirits. With Jamaica's four thousand miles of fine motor roads, soaring through the mountains and slipping down to the coast, it is easy to drive from the capital, through the beauteous Fern Gully, and to visit Port Antonio and Montego Bay, with a glimpse of all of the lovely towns lying between the two on the northern shore. Beautiful Montego Bay, with White Sands, called extravagantly by admirers the world's finest bathing beach, is a most popular resort, and its praises are sung wherever travelers meet.

Off to the east the Virgin Islands hold their quiet place in the sun. They were named, it is said, for St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins by Columbus, who, from all accounts, seems to have been quite at home in these southern waters. The three islands of the Virgin group belonging to the United States since 1917 are St. Thomas, St. Croix, and little St. John, and of the three, St. Thomas takes the lead. Early in their history these islands were strongholds of those doughty pirates, Captain Teach and the French Bluebeard. Today in Charlotte Amalie, on St. Thomas, what is left of their castle-like forts may still be seen. Sea commerce and the slave trade gave St. Thomas importance for a while. After many years of somnolence, this island and its mates are again

making names for themselves as tropical resorts. A fine motor road is being built around St. Thomas. St. John is barren in its poverty, and although St. Croix is quiet and restful, travelers must be content with its beauty, and with the once gorgeous buildings, the old plantations.

As well known are the rest of the Virgins which stay the flow of the Caribbean into the Atlantic. St. Christopher, familiarly known as St. Kitts, Barbados, and St. Vincent and the Grenadines, against their backdrop of blue sky, all have their followers, and it is just possible that, as an aftermath of the fifty old destroyers trade, one or another may again become a fortress as it was in its younger days.

So near now, as the sea gull flies, that it must not be passed by is Puerto Rico, the one stake of the United States in the West Indies. Here evidences of northern industry, of the American fetish of education, as shown in little primary schools; of the United States standard of fine roads, contrast sharply with jungle, which even now is not quite tamed, with the native life of the island. Delicate Puerto Rican embroidery is one reason for visiting the island, and, for those who feel it should not be missed, there is a dip in the Fountain of Youth. During the ten days preceding Ash Wednesday there is the brilliant Spanish festival, the Ponce de Leon carnival.

ACROSS the Windward Passage from Cuba lies that real gem of the ocean, Haiti. One of the loveliest of Caribbean isles, it is inhabited by descendants of slaves whose native tongue is French, gay of mien and proud that once, as a nation, they defeated the mighty Napoleon. Two stops are offered travelers, Port au Prince, with its harbor shaped like an unfurled fan, and Cap Haitien. From Port au Prince it is an easy, pleasant drive to cool Kenscoff Peak, where, more than four thousand feet above sea level, prosperous dwellers have built their charming villas. Cap Haitien, on a bluff above the sea, holds memories of the black king, Henri Christophe. The ruins of his romantic citadel may be reached by hardy souls who care to ride horseback over steep, rugged trails.

The Bahamas, which are virtually at Florida's finger-tips, are quickly and easily reached from the States. One steamship line is running what is practically a ferry service from Miami. Nassau has long been a favorite southern holiday resort, and this year, with the Duke and his Duchess in residence, Nassau is expected to rank with famous, fashionable European resorts. A record season is predicted, and the harbor, indescribably lovely with its emerald and turquoise waters, will be more crowded than ever with smart pleasure craft, old Bay Street with sightseers and shoppers. Nor is Nassau, even with its gorgeous beaches and gay social life, all of the Bahamas. It is pleasant to cruise among the

out islands, and their waters afford fine fishing. Four small, hardy boats make regular trips, of a week or so, among the cays.

Nassau, Bermuda and Jamaica, where the English language is spoken, have always been closely associated with the United States. More foreign seem Guatemala and Honduras, tucked into that slim girdle of land which connects Mexico and South America, with the Caribbean on one side and the wide Pacific on the other.

These are old little countries, full of years of history, and their cities are full of relics and monuments of earlier days. Guatemala's only Atlantic port is Puerto Barrios. By train, which crosses gorges and skirts water-falls in hair-pin curves, travelers ascend to lofty Guatemala City, passing on the way the ruins of Quirigua, a city which was dead when Christianity was born.

Next door to the republic of Guatemala is Honduras, with its beautiful old capital Tegucigalpa resting high on the hills. One of the sights to be seen in the capital is the Moorish style cathedral built in 1782. Honduras was the first of the Central American republics to build an ocean to ocean highway. This modern road follows the old caravan trail across the country.

There would seem to be no good reason, having come so far, not to slip into Mexico or South to Costa Rica; not to continue into South America, getting at least a glimpse of the West Coast; and there is Panama, with many interesting side trips, to be visited. It is rumored that a new and elegant ship will sail this winter through the canal to San Francisco and to Los Angeles and back, making a thirty- or thirty-five-day cruise, and there are lovely ships, new and shining, making regular trips through the canal.

If there is no reason for not making these trips, there are definite reasons in favor of being in Brazil in February, for toward the end of the month, shortly before Ash Wednesday, the famous three-day carnival in Rio takes place. Work and worry forgotten, there is dancing in the streets. There is the parade of open cars with occupants gaily caparisoned. All day long dance music may be heard in the fashionable hotels, and Rio's inhabitants keep open house. Well-behaved strangers are welcomed like old friends, and gaiety is queen.

Whichever port, whichever cruise a traveler may choose, there will be no lack of transportation. The *America*, built for the high-riding North Atlantic, has had her lovely wings clipped, and is now in service in Southern waters. The *Jackson* and the *Garfield*, still bright with fresh paint, are newcomers among such familiar ships as those of the Eastern SS lines, the Dollar Line, with its new ships, the Grace Line, the Cuba Mail, the United Fruits Company's Great White Fleet, and the United States Lines.

Your Memorial Home

(Continued from page 49)

whose dietary needs differ from those of the average person.

Back in the main lounge once again, you note that a broad stairway leads to the second floor, where the Superintendent's living quarters and the guest rooms are located. On this floor, too, is the lodge room, furnished with an altar and with comfortable benches and chairs. Regular meetings are held, officers are elected and lodge business is conducted, the only difference between the Home lodge and any other is that the former is not chartered.

By this time you will have been tremendously impressed by your visit. You can't help it. The Elks National Home and farm are valued at \$1,250,000, and they provide every single thing necessary for comfort, yes, even for luxury. Yet the cost is so small as to be almost negligible. Each lodge having a member resident at the Home pays one-third of his maintenance. The Grand Lodge takes care of the rest. The cost per year varies according to the number of residents, but never amounts to more than a few cents a day. At present the number of guests is only 285, although 420 can be taken care of without crowding.

The management of the Home is under the supervision of the Board of Grand Trustees, with Superintendent Scott responsible for the actual operation. Rules and regulations? A few, of course—but just the same ones you observe in any first-class club or hotel or in your own homes. You discover on your visit that Superintendent Scott's executive ability and innate tact, his genuine concern for the welfare of the residents, are attributes of immeasurable value in achieving the homelike atmosphere.

The old phrase "Seeing is believing" is literally true when applied to this residential club, which visitors have so often called the "best hotel in the South". Visit it, find out for yourselves how perfectly it illustrates the principles of your Order. Past Grand Exalted Ruler McCormick stated in his report to the Grand Lodge in 1939, "Here one can truly see Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity." And the late Fred Harper, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, described this great Elks National Home in these words:

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Sports and Democracy

(Continued from page 13)

tries which have experienced the sweet uses of personal freedom. The English-speaking people, the Scandinavians and the French have monopolized the overwhelming majority of championships, amateur and professional. Russia has not produced a single athlete of international note; Japan has done extremely well in swimming and has had a few jumpers and distance runners in recent years, but that is all; Germany's intense program of preparation for the track and field Olympics in 1936, which practically amounted to a national crusade, resulted only in three winners in the weight events; Italy's successes in sports with an international appeal have been confined to Luigi Beccali, the 1500-meter champion in 1932 and Primo Carnera, who was pushed off the springboard of skulduggery into the heavyweight boxing title.

It is true, of course, that great champions merely are the superficial, fancy window-dressing of a broad, basic national program. Fascist apologists can even argue that the democracies and the dictatorships do not speak the same language in sports, and they are right. The entire problem is much more than a matter of fundamental definition. It involves the hopes and the aspirations and the philosophy of the people who accept or reject these programs. Yes, sports can be indicative of a way of life.

In Middle Europe the chief function of sports—and everything else—is utilitarian. In the western world sports are regarded purely as a means of amusement. Before the war, American newsreel companies regularly bored American audiences with supposedly stirring shots of 10,000 German, Russian or Czech boys and girls in mass calisthenic drills. They waved wands with marvelous precision—but it never was difficult to envision the wands becoming rifles by the process of totalitarian transmutation.

Every boy and girl in America who has attended public school has had calisthenics in physical training courses. Is there a man in the house who did not call p.t. "physical torture"? American kids refuse to be regimented. To them, mass athletics is not sport. They want to play games to exercise their initiative in active competition. They'd much rather play on a neighborhood

sandlot team than be one of several thousand who won a ten-cent beribboned badge for the school, awarded for training a large group of kids to respond to orders with rigid obedience after the manner of automatons—or soldiers.

Sports for all is a privilege a government grants its people. The essential nature of these sports is indicative of the nature of the privilege the government cares to bestow. Competitive sports, the western concept, sharpen reflexes, call for independent thought and action even in team games, place a high premium on courage. In short, competitive sports stimulate those qualities which go into the making of the leader type. A government which regards its people as so many servants of the state has no desire to develop leaders from the masses. They may lead revolutions.

Perhaps we do stress sports beyond all proportion of their true importance and maybe we do idolize athletic heroes extravagantly. Newspaper surveys show the sports sections are read more extensively than any other part of the paper except the comics and the first news page. It probably is deplorable that the average person can name ten football coaches for every college president. If we must deplore, let us do same with tongue in cheek, for this is an amiable foible that hurts no body. With the exception of the movies, sports are the chief recreational outlet in the United States and the deep, abiding interest of millions of males apart from the ordinary business of making a living.

It is even possible to go further and say that sports offer the little man concrete evidence that democracy can and does work. Certainly the Negro, who comprises ten percent of our population, has no better evidence of it. Only in sports is the Negro granted a semblance of equal opportunity. The achievements of Joe Louis, Henry Armstrong, Jesse Owens, Kenny Washington and Bill King have done more to promote the cause of the Negro than all the pious declarations of the long-hairs and the sob sisters.

In a thousand hamlets of America sports, through the agency of professional baseball, provide the only escape from back-breaking poverty and bleak monotony young men without the means of education or

the stimulus of incentive ever know. The unproductive land has betrayed their folks and moribund industries have destroyed their hopes, but the baseball scout has not forgotten them. Somewhere, somehow, every young ball player can get a free chance to prove his ability. And sometimes they return with new cars and money in the bank. Similarly, talent scouts from colleges have given boys, with absolutely no prospect of continuing their educations, a chance to better themselves through athletic scholarships.

That is what sports mean to America and that is why it is imperative that sports be retained as a distinctive feature of American life. In World War I, President Wilson made every effort to avert curtailment of the baseball schedules, at least. The professional baseball leagues offered to play reduced schedules in 1917, but Wilson insisted that they continue on a full-time basis. By 1918 a great many players had volunteered for service, and the season was terminated a month earlier, but there was a good piece of a straw of normalcy the people could hold.

The Englishman in beleaguered Britain still has his beloved games. Call it an escape complex, release or what you will, the fact remains that the British are playing as best they can. Maybe it's no gag that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. During a period of unbroken bombardment a few months ago, a London newspaper asked plaintively, in a headline, "What's Wrong with Soccer?" Nothing, presumably, that the end of the war could not correct.

If the monstrous thing we call war does strike us, the every-day activity which will be hit hardest surely will be sports. Approximately ninety-eight percent of the top-flight performers in every sport fall within the age limit subject to conscription; the draft already has beckoned several stars and will claim more. No exemptions for athletes are contemplated and none will be asked. Since sports are a luxury and a privilege, restrictions on them will be among the first felt by the man in the street. Then he will realize war can be a bit of a nuisance. It will be time to worry when, and if, there are no sports at all. Then all of us will know that the worst can happen here. That will be the first tip-off.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 12)

lieved his spleen freely on paper. Some of his digs were particularly mean, as when he wrote of Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, "I could never learn to like her—except on a raft at sea, with no other provisions

in sight." Then he locked that up and commanded his heirs not to publish it for generations. But what seemed particularly daring to Mark Twain now has only historic interest. With the consent of the

estate Bernard De Voto has published a lot of Mark Twain's frank comments on men and events as "Mark Twain in Eruption", and it makes a most entertaining volume. (Harper, \$3.75)

Mark Twain hated Theodore Roosevelt and thought he was delivering the republic into the hands of a monarchy; he characterized William Howard Taft as T. R.'s "serf" and said he "runs to him daily with the docility of a spaniel to get his permission to do things". He liked to be with Andrew Carnegie and yet made fun of Carnegie's vanity: "He talks forever and ever and ever and untiringly of the attentions which have been shown him. He has bought fame and paid cash for it." His bitterest writing is about Bret Harte; he thought Bret Harte's writings about the west phony—"felicitous imitations of Dickens"; he couldn't keep a friend, deserted his wife and children and never repaid a loan. Mark Twain found others to criticize, and some to admire; he gained satisfaction out of his association with H. H. Rogers and once attended a luncheon of magazine men in company of Rogers and John D. Rockefeller, where Rockefeller made a talk. If you recall Mark's early life in Hannibal, Mo., you will enjoy his reminiscences of boyish pranks, his first glimpse of a minstrel show in Hannibal in the early 1840's. Of his own writing he says, "I have always preached. If the humor came of its own accord and uninvited, I have allowed it a place in my sermon, but I was not writing the sermon for the sake of the humor." Now and then Mark inserts what the world considered humor, "There is more real pleasure to be gotten out of a malicious act, where your heart is in it, than out of thirty acts of a nobler sort." But people didn't believe him when he made remarks like that. They laughed, because he was the great humorist.

WILLA CATHER is an extraordinary personality for these times. She doesn't go in for publicity. You won't meet her in bookstores, autographing books for girls who have never read her novels. She doesn't gossip with feature writers and editors in the literary cocktail haunts of New York. She is aloof, dignified and, as one writer expressed it, serene amid all the traffic of publishing. She writes the book and if you are interested you buy the book for what it contains, not for the way the author dresses her hair or for the smile she gave you. Yet she is a close student of American life. In her early career as a magazine editor, she was in daily conference with S. S. McClure, the human dynamo. Maybe that brought about her reticence.

Her novels, too, have a calm serenity. Her latest, "Sapphira and the Slave Girl", is not her greatest, but it is authentically Cather. It deals partly with pre-Civil War times, 1856, yet it does not read like a historical novel at all. Essentially it is a study of the relations of several women in a household. The chief figure is Sapphira Colbert, mistress of the house, who married beneath her social position when she

became the wife of Henry Colbert, the miller. Henry lives near Winchester, Va., but he is against slavery and would like to free his wife's slaves. But Sapphira asserts her superiority by lording it over them, especially over Nancy, a yaller gal, illegitimate daughter of Till. In freeing Nancy via the underground railway Henry and his daughter defeat Sapphira.

This is not the whole story, but it suffices to indicate the field Miss Cather has plowed. The writing, as always, is economical; every word counts. Miss Cather, incidentally, was born in Winchester. (Knopf, \$2.50)

WHO would have guessed that Alice Duer Miller, the novelist, would be the one to write the most moving poem of our world crisis? It is "The White Cliffs", and it has been recited on the air and applauded as a perfect expression of what many Americans feel about England. The poem, or series of poems, describes the thoughts of an American woman who married an Englishman, lost her husband in the last war and now sees her son ready to fight in this. She voices the American distrust of the English character, but sums up, finally,

I am an American bred,
I have seen much to hate here—
much to forgive,
But in a world where England
is finished and dead,
I do not wish to live.

In book form "The White Cliffs" is published by Coward-McCann at \$1.

THERE must be some room for fun in this bewildered world. Fun is hard to find in books, but you will get chuckles out of Dorothy Rice Sims' amusing "Curiouser and Curiouser", which makes capital out of bridge playing. Mrs. Sims has been among the leaders in bridge tournaments, but they are funny even to her. She describes not only the moves in the big Sims-Culbertson match, which was reported on the air, but derides the "social leaders and the demi-tasse classes" among the spectators, "the cultured pearls of society". Of Mr. Culbertson she says, "Ely is a Svengali; he is also his own Trilby." After the match Mrs. Culbertson confided in Mrs. Sims in the powder room. "I never knew what one of Ely's bids meant," said she. (Simon & Schuster, \$2)

OF SPECIAL interest to some readers, if not to all: George Price's "Good Humor Man", a book of drawings and fol-de-rol, packed with pictures of Price's man with the worried look, who manages to get into a great many original situations. He can be topical, too, as in that picture of the grocer who looks at the spectacle of Uncle Sam sitting beside his cash register and remarks, "Every time I ring up a dollar he snatches out 30 cents." (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2)

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The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the April issue should reach us by February 15th.

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If you suffer from rheumatic or neuritis pain, try this simple inexpensive home recipe. Get a package of Ru-Ex Compound, a two week's supply, mix it with a quart of water, add the juice of 4 lemons. Often within 48 hours—sometimes overnight—splendid results are obtained. If the pains do not quickly leave you, return the empty package and Ru-Ex will cost you nothing to try. It is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. Ru-Ex Compound is for sale by druggists everywhere.

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FOR men who want to drill, and who want to prepare to become officers rather than privates, Capt. Paul Brown has written a small, pocket-size manual, "The A B C's of the I. D. R.", which means infantry drill regulations, carefully explained for hicks and raw recruits. Tells you how to line up your neighbors and how to give commands—if you have a good voice with a resonant pitch. (Macmillan, \$.50)

"HORSES in the Blue Grass" has a title that stirs the interest of every lover of horses and racing, and well it may. For this large-size book of illustrations from photographs and articles, lets us behind the scenes on the Kentucky tracks. Bert Clark Thayer has prepared it; Joe H. Palmer writes about famous horses and the routine of training; John Hervey describes the Kentucky trotter; W. Jefferson Harris tells about

the American saddle horse; there are pictures of famous horses and of their monuments, for in Kentucky horses are honored beyond their years of usefulness. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$3)

LOOK for "Model Railroads: Planning, Construction, Operation" by Edwin P. Alexander, the most elaborate book of its kind. It ought to be, at \$4. (W. W. Norton)

Your Dog

(Continued from page 22)

needless barking?" The answer—have a rolled-up newspaper handy at all times. Whack her rear end—never elsewhere. If this doesn't get results then catch the dog and firmly hold her jaws together and at the same time scold her sharply. For cases that just cannot or will not be cured, then the only thing is to keep the dog muzzled. Not a tight muzzle, but one sufficiently fitted to prevent the mouth from being opened wide enough to bark. But bear in mind that if the muzzle must be resorted to, it should be removed at regular intervals to permit the dog to eat and drink.

L. P. M. of Deland, Florida, wants to know why we haven't discussed the Chow Chow in detail. Well, we haven't dealt with any of the 108 recognized breeds fully because space doesn't permit it. There are only twelve issues of your *Elks Magazine* for the year, so it would take something like nine years to cover each breed individually in each issue. We will, however, at some future time, discuss the various families of dogs. The Chow we have mentioned from time to time as being a member of the Arctic family which includes the Siberian Huskie, the Norwegian Elkhound, the Samoyede and similar dogs. The Chow's a Chink and a mighty useful and beautiful dog. Officially he is classed as a non-sporting dog but actually he's a working dog and enjoys the doubtful distinction of being the only recognized pure-bred that is used for food. Yep, in his native country, China, (some parts of it) he's considered a table delicacy. He's also used to pull small vehicles and to herd farm animals as well as a guardian of property, and to a lesser degree as a household pet. By those who don't know him very well he is sometimes regarded as being uncertain in dis-



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of a book recently published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. Edward Faust, the editor of "Your Dog" and a well-known breeder and expert, has written it in a thoroughly down-to-earth style and it is chock-full of practical information for the dog owner. It is a beautifully printed, well illustrated, 48-page book and covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. The retail price of this book is 50c, but it is available to readers of *The Elks Magazine* at a special price of 25c. This can be sent in cash or stamps. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 E. 42nd St., New York.

position. He isn't that, but he is, because of his ancestral background, a bit more reserved than most dogs and does not like strangers or over-familiar handling. This is true of most of the working dogs—Collies, German Shepherd, etc.—dogs originally developed in lonely rural areas where they saw few strangers and were very likely taught that any such were to be regarded with suspicion.

Mr. J. B. Pratt of Kansas has the problem of a dog with a nasty temper. We wrote to him to say that we wouldn't tolerate such, particularly toward members of the family, adding that dogs are funny people and will get away with murder, if permitted. The dog is quick to detect any over-leniency on the part of its master and will take advantage of it. We don't advocate undue sternness by any means, but dogs, like children, at times need a firm hand to govern them.

Mrs. H. H. C. of Las Animas, Cal., asks if there is any choice between the Labrador and Chesapeake Retriever. Our answer is that it's a toss-up. Both are fine dogs, splendid as field or home companions. The latter may have the edge as a water retriever but only by a slight margin.

Mr. L. G. R. of Kansas City, Mo., has sent for our book "How to Know and Care for Your Dog" but writes further to inquire about the care of the mother dog and puppies when the stork arrives. The book does not cover this situation because it is not one that usually confronts the aver-

age owner of a household pet. But here's what we wrote in reply: The important thing is to keep the little family dry and warm and away from draughts. Dampness and chill are dangerous, if not fatal to puppies. As to weaning, the mother will take care of that by leaving the puppies for longer and longer periods beginning when they are about three to four weeks old. At such time their diet should be supplemented by scrapings of fresh, raw beef and a half and half mixture of evaporated milk and water five times a day. The amount, depending upon the size, (and breed) of the dogs. When the pups are two months old they should have a generous tablespoonful of beef at each feeding (this for dogs of fox terrier size). These feedings should be mixed with a little shredded wheat biscuit. The latter helps to build sturdy bone. For the morning meal give half of a wheat biscuit with a cup of milk or tomato juice poured over it. As the pups grow older, step up the amounts given. At four months cut to four meals a day and at six months to three meals. After the mother has weaned the puppies rub her breasts with camphorated oil to prevent caking. While the mother is nursing feed her a bit more liberally than usual, being particularly generous with milk, either raw or evaporated.

R. D. air mails us from Houston with this poser, "I have a Spitz dog but people tell me that this breed is not a thoroughbred. Is this so?" To this we can answer, "Yes and No." The Spitz is not recognized by the American Kennel Club. True it is a common breed, seen often and usually of a definite type. But our guess is that it doesn't breed true to type often enough to warrant recognition. It's a breed by the way, distantly related to the Chow and other of the so-called Arctic breeds.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 37)

Entries Close March 1 For Elks National Bowling Tournament

The Twenty-fourth Annual Elks National Bowling Tournament will open in Des Moines, the capital city of Iowa, on Saturday, March 22. The national committee of the Elks' Bowling Association of America, consisting of President Joseph F. Krizek of Cicero, Ill., Secretary John J. Gray of Milwaukee, Wis., and Past President Frank G. Mitzel of Detroit, Mich., visited Des Moines some time ago to complete plans and arrangements for the holding of the great national pin fest, meeting with the officers of Des Moines Lodge No. 98 and the members of the local tournament committee.

The Grand Recreation, with 20 alleys newly resurfaced and conditioned for the tournament, was selected as the site of competition among the antlered kegelers. Bud McConkey, of Des Moines Lodge, was made tournament manager. Nile Oldham, general chairman of the local tournament committee, has announced that no effort will be spared in extending hospitality to visiting Elks. It is the aim of the committee to make the tournament the greatest event in the history of the Association. Many entries have been received from lodges that have never participated before as well as many veteran entrants.

On the list of entries received from outside Des Moines are Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, No. 50, leading with 60 five-man teams. Chairman Fred De Cair announced that the Kalamazoo party would make the trip by chartered train. Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, will also travel by special train. Harry Stat, of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, reports that many California Elks will compete at Des Moines this year and also at the A.B.C. Tournament at St. Paul, Minn. At a recent meeting of the Iowa State Elks Association held at Marshalltown, Ia., at which 33 of the 36 lodges of the State were represented, more than 250 teams were pledged. Of these Des Moines Lodge promised about 100.

The bid received from Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, was the first filed for next year's tournament. The site of the 1942 tournament will be decided upon by a vote of the delegates at the annual meeting of the Elks' Bowling Association to be held at Des Moines on Sunday, April 6, 1941. Many other lodges are expected to compete.

Entries for the Elks' 1941 National will close positively at midnight, Saturday, March 1. Any further information regarding the tournament will be furnished promptly on request through Secretary John J. Gray, in charge of entries, 1616 South 16th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Elks Greet D.D. W. E. Beers At New Britain, Conn., Lodge

With what was practically a one hundred per cent representation of the membership, New Britain, Conn., Lodge, No. 957, received with affectionate enthusiasm their Past Exalted Ruler and former Trustee, William E. Beers, making his official visit to his home lodge as District Deputy for Connecticut, East. Every one of the ten sister lodges in the district, and also Danbury, Conn., and Paterson, N. J., Lodges, sent large delegations. The reception was one of the

most demonstrative ever accorded an Elk in the State. A banquet was served at 6:30.

Reasons for the honors paid Mr. Beers were many. First, the tribute was personal. Being consistently chosen as a speaker on outstanding programs, Mr. Beers has a large acquaintance among members of the Order, and with Mr. Beers, acquaintances become friends and his friendships are lasting. Also, every Elk present was conscious of the service Mr. Beers has given his lodge for more than thirty years, of his numerous philanthropies and of the affection with which he regards the lodge home, expressed in gifts, both useful and ornamental. There was the organ in the lodge room, adding dignity to the furnishings and impressiveness to ritualistic ceremonies, toward the purchase of which Mr. and Mrs. Beers donated a thousand dollars. When the lodge home was built some thirty years ago, Mr. Beers paid for all the hardware that went into the building. For the past twenty-five years he has himself given the venison dinners held annually for the benefit of the Flower Fund. In his collection are more than 150 guns. He has competed for years in trapshooting contests. Numerous elk heads, trophies of the hunt which Mr. Beers did not keep for himself but presented to the lodge as permanent gifts, adorn the walls.

Photographs taken on the evening of the visitation were to be bound in an album and given to Mr. Beers as a keepsake. It was also the lodge's intention to present him with the several hundred personal toasts written by his fellow members, the toasts to be bound in book form with appropriate covers.

D.D. Joseph W. Delaney Visits His Home Lodge at Greenwich, Conn.

The official homecoming visit of P.E.R. Joseph W. Delaney, D.D. for Conn., West, was a red letter event in the history of Greenwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 1150. The lodge was honored by the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson of Springfield, Mass., Lodge. D.D. William E. Beers, of New Britain, Conn., Lodge, represented the East District.

Mr. Delaney's popularity was evidenced by the large attendance, more than 225 members of the Order being present, some of whom traveled 40 miles. Delegations from New Haven, Waterbury, Bridgeport, Danbury, Norwalk, Milford, Stamford, and West Haven, Conn., and from Port Chester and White Plains, N. Y., Lodges, attended. Leonard L. Mingo, Jr. was initiated into the lodge and the work of the local officers, headed by E.R. Leo L. Clark, was highly commended by Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Delaney for its excellence. An Elk button was presented to Mr. Mingo by Oswald P. Gunnarson of Greenwich Lodge who 25 years ago was initiated in the same class with the late Leonard L. Mingo, Sr.

Following the meeting a roast beef dinner was served by Charles Nelson, well known caterer and member of the lodge. The Toastmaster, P.D.D. M. Edward Haggerty, introduced Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Delaney and other distinguished guests, all of whom made brief speeches. Through the courtesy of the management of a local theater, a premier showing of a new film, "Road Show", was presented.

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Atlanta, Georgia, Lodge Presents a Candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler

ATTLANTA, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, by unanimous resolution adopted, in regular session assembled, on the 5th day of December, 1940, resolved that it would respectfully submit the name of its most distinguished member, John S. McClelland, as its candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order for the year 1941-1942, to the Grand Lodge at its 77th Reunion to be held at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in July, 1941. An announcement was made officially that the resolution had been so adopted and the signatures of George B. Yancey, Exalted Ruler, and J. Clayton Burke, Secretary, were affixed thereto. A committee of twenty-one Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge, headed by Charles G. Bruce, Chairman, was duly appointed to prepare and distribute the announcement and the record of Judge McClelland's distinguished services.

At the time of his birth on February 2, 1891, Judge McClelland's parents resided in Atlanta, but he was born at the home of his grandmother at Stone Mountain, Georgia. He received his primary education in the public schools, graduated from the University of Georgia law school, was admitted to the Bar in 1910 and has practiced law in Atlanta since that time. On January 20, 1915, he was married to Miss Nina Hadley. They have two sons, aged twenty-four and twenty-one years respectively.

FROM the day of his initiation into Atlanta Lodge twenty-eight years ago, Judge McClelland has demonstrated a keen interest in the Order. He has devoted to it, untiringly and unselfishly, a constant and loyal personal service. His outstanding achievements have won for him the admiration and respect of the members of his lodge and the citizens of his community. He was elected four times to serve Atlanta Lodge as Exalted Ruler. His first year of service was in 1919-1920, and he was reelected for a second consecutive term. Again in 1928 he was called back by the membership to lead his lodge for the duration of another year at the end of which he was reelected for his fourth term, serving in 1929-1930. In 1920 Judge McClelland reorganized the Georgia State Elks Association, and was elected President for two terms, serving through the years of 1920-1921 and 1921-1922. He was appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Georgia, North, in 1921. In 1923, the year in which the Grand Lodge Convention was held in Atlanta, Judge McClelland accepted the responsibilities of the Chairmanship of the Atlanta Convention Committee, which resulted in a most successful Grand Lodge Convention. He has also served his lodge as chairman of numerous other important committees throughout his many years of service.

Judge McClelland was again honored by the Grand Lodge by being named a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee for the term of 1923-1924. In 1928 he was appointed District Deputy for a second time. In 1930 he was elected a member of the Grand Forum for a five year term ending in 1935, becoming its Chief Justice before the expiration of the term. The following year, 1936, Judge McClelland was elect-

ed a member of the Board of Grand Trustees for a term of three years to fill the unexpired term of Grand Trustee David Sholtz who resigned from the Board to assume the office of Grand Exalted Ruler. In 1940, in Houston, Texas, Judge McClelland was appointed Pardon Commissioner by Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner. During the long period in which he has been an active Elk, his greatest contribution to the Order has been his interest in building up the subordinate lodges. Ten lodges have been organized and instituted through his effort and leadership during the past four years.

For many years Judge McClelland has been a respected and honored citizen of his community, and his ability has found recognition beyond the confines of the Order. He has been elected to many offices of public trust in which he has served with distinction. In 1917 he was elected city Alderman of Atlanta, and in 1919 was elevated to the office of Mayor Pro Tem. The following year, 1920, he was elected a member of the City Park Board, and in 1921 he was made a member of the Atlanta Police Board. He was elected to the office of Solicitor of the Criminal Court in 1929, in which office he served without opposition for ten years, and on March 1, 1939, he was elevated to the office of Judge of that court by appointment of the Governor of Georgia. On November 5, 1940, he was unanimously elected Judge of that court for a six year term.

Judge McClelland was one of the founders of the Lawyers Club of Atlanta. He has long been a leader in legal circles, and also in the religious and civic life of his State. His participation in public and private charities of his community has been continuous. Many of these he has sponsored through his Elks lodge and the Georgia State Elks Association. During the winter of 1932 he was a leader in the establishment of the Elks Community Kitchen, which served to the poor and needy more than 93,000 free meals. He was one of the founders of the Crippled Children's League of Georgia, a State-wide organization comprised exclusively of Elks, and he is now serving as Vice-President and a member of its Board of Directors. By his able leadership and efforts he contributed materially to the establishment of a Convalescent Home for Crippled Children now being sponsored by the Crippled Children's League of Georgia through the Elks Fifth District Charities Committee.

In the light of his record, and in view of his eminent qualifications, Atlanta Lodge respectfully submits that "Brother McClelland is an Elk of the finest loyalty and devotion, with a clear understanding of the obligation of personal service in Elkdom which qualifies him in every respect to be our next Grand Exalted Ruler". Therefore Atlanta Lodge, through its special committee of Past Exalted Rulers, does hereby respectfully "present the name of Brother John S. McClelland to our entire brotherhood as a candidate for the ensuing term of Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America."

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge Presents Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters for Reelection

CHARLEROI, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, will present Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Past Exalted Ruler of Charleroi Lodge, as a candidate for reelection to the office of Grand Secretary at the Grand Lodge Convention in Philadelphia, Pa., this coming July. Since his election as Grand Secretary in 1927, Mr. Masters has been unanimously reelected at each subsequent Grand Lodge Convention. In the continuous administration of his impor-

tant and exacting duties, he has demonstrated his fitness for this high office, and has served the Order with dignity and distinction.

In 1903 J. Edgar Masters became a member of Charleroi Lodge and was elected to the office of Exalted Ruler of that lodge in 1908. Since 1911, when he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, he has served on various other Grand Lodge Committees. Among these committees was the Grand Lodge Committee on

Social and Community Welfare. He was Chairman for three years of the Board of Grand Trustees. From 1923, when his term as Grand Exalted Ruler expired, until he became Grand Secretary, he served as a member of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission.

Mr. Masters was Treasurer of his home county of Washington, Pennsylvania, for four years and was President of the Southwestern Pennsylvania State Normal School Board.

THE GRAND LODGE

Convention



The Photo-Illustrators

In Philadelphia, Pa., July, 1941

"Proclaim Liberty Throughout the Land and to All the Inhabitants Thereof."

PROBABLY every American has thrilled at the thought of visiting Independence Hall and standing in the presence of the Liberty Bell. Here in Philadelphia the issues of American democracy were fought out and won. Here were written the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. Here our struggling colonies first learned the art of self-government and established principles that have changed the history of civilization—principles upon whose success depends the survival of men as civilized and self-governing creatures.

It is important that you visit Philadelphia next July, during the Grand Lodge Reunion. The basic theme of the Convention scene will be devoted to patriotism and true Americanism.

Not that there are any special occasions for patriotism; any special days when we should be more patriotic than on others. The advantage of our re-dedication to the basic principles of true Americanism will lie in our being drawn from the things that occupy us in our everyday lives; our attention will be devoted to the things

which elevate our hearts, that are greater than we are; we shall chart a course of patriotic action to guide us in these days of perplexity when a man's judgment is safest only when it follows the line of principle.

It is difficult now, seven months in advance of the Convention, to predict the state of the world during these hectic, horrible days of war. But it is certain that never will the need be greater for kneeling at the fountain of American Independence and drinking in new inspiration and courage.

Perhaps once again men with red blood in their veins and who despise cowardly tyranny will "mutually pledge to each other, their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" in order that "this Government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth".

Make your arrangements now to visit Philadelphia next July 13-17. For there's plenty to see and there's plenty to do. You'll like it.

And you will return to your home saying, "Thank God, I—I, too—am an American."

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Less nicotine—in *the smoke!* 28% less nicotine than the average of the other brands tested—in *the smoke!* Less than any of them—in *the smoke!* And it's the *smoke* that reaches you.

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